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MARLOWE'S
EDWARD THE SECOND

AND SELECTIONS FROM
TAMBURLAINE AND THE POEMS

Marlowe, Christopher
EDITED WITH
NOTES AND INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

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NOTE.

THE text of this edition is that of Dyce, with a number of amended readings.

The ten acts of *Tamburlaine* are not sufficiently important for ordinary students, and the usual objection to selections from a drama does not apply to a play without a plot or development of character. Therefore, only the last passages of Marlowe's first work are given here ; from their nature they lose little, if at all, by detachment.

Such words and allusions as seem likely to be misunderstood, are explained in the notes. Various points of literary interest are also suggested, that might escape the attention of unpractised readers. These notes are placed by themselves at the end of the text, where they will not distract the attention of those who do not read them.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, the son of a shoemaker, was born in Canterbury, toward the close of February, 1564. He was thus two months older than Shakespeare. The King's School in his native place afforded him a preparation for Cambridge, where he received his first degree in 1583. Little is known of his life. According to a ballad he became an actor at the Curtain, one of the original London theatres. He belonged to the literary circle in which Greene, Peele, and Nash were prominent, and attracted unfavorable attention by skepticism in matters of religion. He seems to have been esteemed for literary culture as well as for poetry, among the writers of his time, but to have secured little reputation for personal character. He met his death at the end of May, 1593, in a dissipated quarrel.

His first tragedy, *Tamburlaine the Great*, was probably composed early in 1587. It was soon followed by the short play of *Dr. Faustus*, a medley of comedy, excerpts from the Faust-book, and some magnificent passages of verse. *The Jew of Malta*, interesting to the literary student for many reasons, and more dramatic than its predecessors, probably preceded *Edward II.*, which appeared about 1590. Two fragmentary

dramas of slight merit, some translations from Ovid and Lucan, the two first sestiads of *Hero and Leander*, and two or three lyrical pieces constitute the remainder of Marlowe's literary work.

The spirit of the age, which directs the character of a generation's active men, guided the literary genius of the later Elizabethans into the drama. Upon Marlowe, a man surely at one with his generation, dawned, while he was still a youth, the opportunity of creating a national theatre, that should be at once popular and poetical. Whereupon, with the co-operation of a little group of educated and ambitious poets, he instituted one of the most influential movements in all England's literary history. The national taste for stage entertainments was already pronounced before the second half of Elizabeth's reign. The miracle plays had long been fostering it. The moralities, which had grown out of these, by their more studied characterization had carried forward the dramatic art, clumsy and heavy though their abstract figures were. The strolling players, whose best theatre was the court of an inn, had enlivened and diversified the earlier and more formal acting with farcical comedy scenes, or sensational treatment of tales of crime and sentiment. At last, theatres had been erected, close to the London city limits, and their declamatory and rude performances were increasingly regarded. Side by side with the plays of the masses, the cultivated class were conducting a laborious drama at court, in the houses of the nobility, in the lawyers' halls, and in the universities, under the influence of Italian and

French predecessors, and based upon classical models. Such tragedy and comedy as *Ferrex and Porrex* and *Ralph Roister Doister* are incidents in the English renaissance ; attempts to impart new modern life to the outworn Plautine and Senecan dramatic forms. While of little interest to us, except as material for tracing the history of this chapter of culture, these early works are sufficiently correct to rank as literature. But the combination of antiquity and their author's apprentice hand is heavy upon them.

It was for Marlowe and his fellows to realize a successful blending of these separate histrionic branches ; to employ classical training and tastes, and literary talent, as ministers of beauty and art, while maintaining an enlivening and popular treatment of themes appropriate to an audience of the people. This twofold influence was the salvation of their enterprise. The ambition to please themselves as poets could not lead to classically pedantic imitativeness, for it was coupled with the ambition to make a practical career and a living by pleasing the varied, stormy, impatient, yet imaginatively sensitive and responsive audience of that great generation so alive to the new powers of England, the world, and man.

The prologue to *Tamburlaine* has often been quoted, as Marlowe's challenge to the playwrights who until 1587 had supplied the public theatres, and his announcement of a formative aim in his own undertakings :

“ From jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war.”

To appreciate the style that he disdains, we should really read old stage manuscripts by the run of hack writers which were never printed or preserved. But it is sufficient to turn to more literary plays, such as *Cambyzes* or *Damon and Pythias*, or *Appius and Virginia*, for illustrations :

"Alas, alas ! I do hear tell the king hath killed my son ;
If it be so, woe worth the deed that ever it was done."

"As things by their contraries are always best proved,
How happy then are merciful princes, of their people
beloved."

"Well, then, this is my counsel, thus standeth the case,
Perhaps such a fetch as may please your grace ;
There is no more ways, but hap or hap not,
Either hap, or else hapless, to knit up the knot."

These are ordinary examples of jiggling veins of rhyme before the smoother couplet that was employed by the intermediate playwrights had come in, and the phrase "mother wits," no doubt, is a slur upon writers without academic advantages. This little band of university men felt themselves superior to uneducated talent, and one of their sharpest scorns at Shakespeare's early successes, toward the close of their course, seems to have consisted in the knowledge that the "upstart crow, beautified with their feathers," was not a poet of the schools.

By the "conceits that clownage keeps in pay," Marlowe doubtless intended to condemn the early theatre's cheap treatment of trivial themes, for which he desired to substitute elevated heroics both of substance and form. It is hardly correct to apply the phrase to that

humor element which, in violation of the classical example, the romantic dramatists of Spain and England introduced into their tragedies, and which forms a distinct influence in their superiority to the more conservative tragedy of Italy and France. Indeed, the publisher's introduction to the edition of *Tamburlaine* of 1592 explains that "fond and frivolous gestures" were omitted in the printing. From *Faustus* many similar crudities were not stricken, and they constantly aggravate the sensational plot in the second half of *The Jew of Malta*. It may well be a question, however, how far these parts belong to Marlowe, or how far they are to be regarded as the work of other, and usually later, writers. His own tastes were probably serious.

But of the declarations of principle in those first three lines of the *Tamburlaine* prologue—heroic themes, dignity of treatment, scholarly work, and metre neither trivial nor in rhyme—the last was the most important. As yet, no one had employed blank verse with success. Before the close of the reign of Henry VIII. the Earl of Surrey's translation of two books of Vergil had introduced it. In *Ferrex and Porrex* (1561) the new verse had been applied to the courtly drama, and subsequently it formed the metre of other similar plays. All these treatments were stiff and lumbering, for the genius of the movement had not yet been caught. It is Marlowe's highest distinction that he found it out. We may profitably compare our own blank verse with the assonance and intertwisted rhyme of the Spanish drama, and the Alexandrines of the French, and observe its minimized

restriction of form upon expression and its greater resemblance to the sound of real life, at the same time that it affords, through its flexibility, a constantly varying metrical accompaniment, quiet in simple tones, yet with no peer for sublimity and passion. Now that this verse has proved itself the English metre, Marlowe's part in its evolution seems nothing wonderful; evidently it would have been developed soon, though he had missed its secret. Yet no other poet was equally well prepared to teach the new measure. His remarkable faculty in the musical control of words, and his intensity and power, made a creation out of the formerly inert line. His versification, to be sure, marks the experimenter, yet in passages it may rank near the work of his best successors. All the more noteworthy his innovation appears, when we recall his skill in rhyme. One is tempted to say that in Marlowe English rhyme finds its most bewitching tones.

To his dramatic reforms, however, he brought no cold correctness. A temperament such as his felt little congeniality with severe classical repression. Impulses controlled him, and words came but too readily. Especially in his average speeches there is an excess of declamation. Lamb, who gave even undue praise to one scene in *Edward II.*, and who certainly in this quotation pressed to the opposite extreme, declared that he found difficulty "in culling a few sane lines" from *Tamburlaine*. Impulses indeed controlled him, and splendid sensations. The praise of Drayton holds good; he "had in him brave trans-lunary things," and

"That fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

Had other elements of genius possessed his brain equally, the result would have been less imperfect. We must follow with Sainte-Beuve ; the greatest poets are never a distracted rout, running headlong, as in the chase. "Nay, tradition tells us, and our own trained nature says it louder still, reason must always control, even among imagination's elect favourites; or if not always controlling, if impulse is allowed sudden sway, reason is never far off, is at hand, smiling, as it awaits the approaching moment of return." It was not without meaning that Marlowe substituted for the wiser ancient allegory, his fancy that Beauty is mother of the Muses. Even in a contrast between his *Hero and Leander* and the Greek poem which inspired it, while we feel the great superiority of the modern poet as regards genius, we can hardly fail to recognize deficiency in those qualities of proportion, selection, artistic reserve, that are suggested by Lamb's phrase—"the sanity of true genius."

Marlowe is the poet of an era of discovery. He desires to attain, with a superb exhilaration in the thought of acquisition. Tamburlaine must conquer the world, Barabas amasses unlimited wealth, Faustus would exhaust pleasure. He will not afford us the subtle, tender pensiveness that is nowadays expected from poets, nor has he moral strength, or entirely coherent thought. Mr. William Watson, who not without success has made a specialty of literary criticism in verse, has composed a quatrain on *Tamburlaine* :

"Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's ope.
How welcome—after gong and cymbal's din—
The continuity, the long slow slope
And vast curves of the gradual violin."

Ah, there is something more than "gong and cymbal's din" in the work that includes those lines on beauty, or those on the soul's restless climbing after knowledge. This poet saw ideas as beauty, and in some of his pictures we ourselves yet see them so. He heard ideas in rhythm, and their sound is yet strong and clear. He arouses sensations in us : there is more of the trumpet than of gong and cymbal, when at times he thrills us with the feeling of himself. For even though we never care to imitate his experiences, it is unfortunate to miss the observation of such susceptibility to beauty, that is moved by the simple fact of human loveliness ; or the force and energy which are a spectacle in themselves, though they had accomplished nothing. Marlowe's frequent emptiness of substance and his various defects need not deprive us of magical moments as we read him—unless we are sophisticated.

Aside from his strength and raptures, he must have had his quiet hours. He is capable of tones calm and pensive. The youth who wrote *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* could do more than declaim, and knew rest as well as rapture of imagination. That line from *Faustus*,

"When I behold the heavens, then I repent,"

shows that he felt the stars ; while another,

"All things that move between the quiet poles,"

for its very repression may be counted—with how many more of his lines—among the firmest and most suggestive of Elizabethan poetry. Some of his adjec-

tives stand for little reveries. There is a suggestiveness imaginative, and anything but turbulent, in such similes as these :

“ But now, Orcanes, view my royal host,
That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide,
As doth the desert of Arabia
To those that stand on Bagdet’s lofty tower ;
Or as the ocean, to the traveller
That rests upon the snowy Apennines.”

It is perhaps only a personal accident that for years this Bagdet tower has been before my eyes, distinct, mysterious, with motionless figures at its top, gazing over the desert. These and some other of his similes are what we think of as Miltonic. With all his diffuseness, he is often compressed and vivid :

“ A hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus.”

Subtle imaginations haunt him. So the fascination in Coleridge’s thought of great ocean solitudes never intruded on—

“ We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea ”—

had been felt by the poet of *Tamburlaine*.

“ Where raging Lantchidol
Beats on the regions with his boisterous blows,
That never seaman yet discovered.”

There is an interest in contemplating the possible career, had they been spared to the full expression of their powers, of “ the inheritors of unfulfilled renown.” The fact that Marlowe and Shakespeare were almost

precisely of an age, and our knowledge that had the latter also died in 1593 his ascertained work would hardly be rated as equal with Marlowe's remains, naturally directs one to Marlowe's future if he had lived. The course of his work seems to have been encouraging, if we close it with *Edward II*. But his creative skill and enthusiasm apparently reached its height some time before his death. The moral disorders into which he fell appear to have been associated with recklessness of temper and a harsh intellectual independence, of ill augury for his development. He might, surely, have applied himself once more to serious work. Yet even with a renewal of ambition and industry, Shakespearian success in drama would still have been unsure. Compared with his imaginative gifts, one must recognize a deficiency in thoughtfulness. There are, indeed, brilliant ideas here and there; for instance, the account of Hell as a state of mind instead of place. So, *Hero and Leander* exhibits no little mental nimbleness, and in at least three of his characters we feel impressive intellectual conceptions. Yet it remains true that we miss the pervasive intellectual seriousness that seems essential to a profound and broad exposition of human nature. Then, too (in spite of Mr. Swinburne's allusion to those who disparage Marlowe's dramatic technique as "sciolists and pretenders to criticism"), we must question whether he was eminently gifted in construction. In the faculty of humor, again, with all its genial contributions to drama of contrast, relief, range of portraiture—nor less, with its critical restraint upon exaggeration and extravagance in both content and form—Marlowe has no

'inferior. Consequently his individuals are wanting in flexibility and ease, his groups lack variety, and, while at his rare jests we may not smile, we sometimes smile where he had no thought of jesting. His personal immoralities of conduct, too, are suggested by the unmoral tendencies of his characterisation. In most unhappy contrast with Shakespeare, his masterpieces are bad characters. With the exception of Kent (a faint figure after all), he has left us no morally attractive man. Nor did he ever sketch an interesting woman. For Zenocrate and Abigail, so far as dramatic quality goes, are shadows, and Isabel is drawn in uncertain and, on the whole, unpleasant lines. Yet, unless I mistake, the mention of these names (and perhaps even more the mention of Helen, who only passes across his stage, and that silently) will arouse a poetical sensation in any who have come under the Marlowe spell. For although only minor creations, they still are surely heroines of that dim, dreamy grove where the ladies of romance are beautiful forever. Zenocrate, indeed, is but a word, yet how ardently and tenderly he caresses it. She means nothing to our intelligence, yet in the "silence of her solemn evening walk" her beauty and tears have the charm of romance. So, too, in the effect of such lines as these of Helen :

" Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars ;"

and these of Hero :

" At Sestos Hero dwelt, Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair ;"

and this of Abigail :

“ The sweetest flower in Cytherea’s field.”

I never recall such scenes as the introduction of Helen, without regretting that contemporary influences could not have directed Marlowe to narrative poetry, instead of to the drama, for he felt poetic exteriors, he seldom penetrated. It is necessary for the dramatist to conceive his characters complexly ; without an inner vision of his men and women, his work will appear shallow and tame. The narrative poet, however, requires less depth and range in characterization. His descriptive faculty informs the reader of a few salient traits, and there is persuasiveness in his personal enthusiasm. He may describe impressions, present pictures, and linger over artistic details. When he chooses to allow his characters to explain their own state of mind, only in form is the narration transferred. So, the concluding speech of Faustus could occur in an epic quite as well as in a play, and the epic note is to be detected in most of Marlowe’s impressive passages. He was susceptible to moods, rather than to situations. His spirit was too individual for the drama. He liked one hero, a man among pigmies. The pictures in his dialogue, the rhapsodies, the towering comparisons, his fondness for an almost lyrical intermezzo, his delight in purely musical effects of turn and refrain and sounding names, the stray phrases that bespeak the author, rather than the characters who utter them, seem of the poem, rather than of the play.

Not but that Marlowe gives brilliant proofs of dra-

matic faculty. The earlier part of *The Jew of Malta* is certainly strong, aside from its poetry. And *Faustus* is dramatic, although in conception it is almost a monodrama—a soul confronted with itself and with the mysteries of Good and Evil that solicit it. How well he could plan and conduct a stage situation will be manifest more than once to the readers of *Edward II*. The point is simply this: Marlowe seems primarily a poet. The chronology of his works shows how he schooled himself from the epic to the dramatic standpoint. What impresses us first of all in an ideal play, is its effect as a whole; afterwards, we dwell on its single characters and details. Whereas, instead of being a little temple, perfect first as architecture, and then in its separate pillars and images, which are perfect in relation as well as individually, our principal impression in Marlowe's best play is of one figure, one column.

Marlowe was neither great enough nor small enough for poetic realism. He was best fitted for anachronistic heroics. Something of modern mystery, restlessness, and spiritual daring, something of universal passion and beauty, the new world's romantic genius made more effective by some certain allegiance to classical forms of the literary art, would have been traits in any elaborate study that he might have made in pure poetry. Despite his exuberances and rantings he knew the art of style, and that too not merely in color and magic, but sometimes in a more sober way. Occasionally he astonishes us by his creative appreciation of the lettered past. He loved the richness and detail of epic imagery. Ancient mythology could inspire

him. He caught his fine manner from his models, and notwithstanding a boyish turn for grandiloquence, he was often rightly grandiose. With what noble dignity he invokes the invisible powers :

“ Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,
And make a passage from the empyreal Heaven,
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscribable,
But everywhere fills every continent
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour.”

Again, such lines as these, the dying apostrophe of a royal captive, though ill-pitched for dramatic success, are fine heroics :

“ O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursèd day ! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome Heavens !
Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists !
.
.
.
.
.
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my withered heart.”

Nevertheless, Marlowe was chosen to be a dramatist, and as such he accomplished eminent results. *Tamburlaine* set the example of stirring plays that should also belong to accurate and beautiful literature, *Faustus* was admired by the Goethe of a greater Faust. *The Jew of Malta* and *Edward II.* were looked up to, and echoed by Shakespeare, in his thirties. As one writes the titles, that Marlowe-spell already named comes over one. It was mainly the lack of a higher

gift of character, so we may judge, that prevented Marlowe from standing where our sympathies would place him. The fact that he came in the van of our dramatists must not unduly exalt him: Æschylus, Dante, Chaucer in his typical work, led the way, too. Yet, even at the coldest estimate, he is a great dramatic forerunner, and one of the world's great poets. For he had the sensation of beauty and power, and an energy rare even in genius. He was endowed with poetic speech. And, as Arnold wrote of Byron, though he teaches us little, we feel him. We feel him as a swift glory of poetry and passion, a twofold nature of grace and splendid, even if unordered, strength.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE SECOND.
PRINCE EDWARD his son, afterwards
KING EDWARD THE THIRD.
KENT, EDMUND, EARL OF, brother to
KING EDWARD THE SECOND.
GAVESTON.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF COVENTRY.
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.
WARWICK.
LANCASTER.
PEMBROKE.
ARUNDEL.
LEICESTER.
BERKELEY.
MORTIMER the elder.
MORTIMER the younger, his nephew.
SPENSER the elder.
SPENSER the younger, his son.
BALDOCK.
BEAUMONT.

TRUSSEL.
GURNEY.
MATREVIS.
LIGHTBORN.
SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.
LEVUNE.
RICE AP HOWEL.
MAYOR OF BRISTOW.
Abbot.
Monks.
Herald.
Lords, Poor Men, JAMES, Mower,
Champion, Messengers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.
QUEEN ISABELLA, wife to KING ED-
WARD THE SECOND.
Niece to KING EDWARD THE SECOND,
daughter to the DUKE OF GLOCES-
TER.
Ladies.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London, a street.*

Enter GAVESTON, reading a letter.

*Gav. My father is deceas'd! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.*

Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight!

What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,

'Than live and be the favourite of a king!

Sweet prince, I come! these, these thy amorous lines

Might have enforc'd me to have swum from France,
 And like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
 So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms.
 'The sight of London to my exil'd eyes 10
 Is as Elysium to a new-come soul ;
 Not that I love the city, or the men,
 But that it harbours him I hold so dear,—
 'The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
 And with the world be still at enmity. 15
 What need the arctic people love star-light,
 To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
 Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers !
 My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
 As for the multitude, that are but sparks, 20
 Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,—
Tanti,—I'll fawn first on the wind
 That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.

Enter three Poor Men.

But how now ! what are these ?

Poor Men. Such as desire your worship's service.

Gav. What canst thou do ? 26

First P. Man. I can ride.

Gav. But I have no horse.—What art thou ?

Sec. P. Man. A traveller.

Gav. Let me see—thou wouldst do well 30

To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-
 time ;

And, as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.—
 And what art thou ?

Third P. Man. A soldier, that hath serv'd against
the Scot.

Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as you ;
I have no war ; and therefore, sir, be gone. 36

Third P. Man. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's
hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospital.

Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose should play the porcupine, 40
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair ;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king ; 45
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

All. We thank your worship.

Gav. I have some business. Leave me to myself.

All. We will wait here about the court.

Gav. Do. [*Exeunt Poor Men.*

These are not men for me ; 51
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight ; 55
Therefore I'll have Italian masques by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows ;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad ;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns, 60
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay ;

Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
 With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
 Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
 And in his sportful hands an olive-tree, 65
 Shall bathe him in a spring ; and there, hard by,
 One like Actæon, peeping through the grove,
 Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
 And running in the likeness of an hart,
 By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die : 70
 Such things as these best please his majesty.—

Here comes my lord the king, and the nobles from
 the Parliament. I'll stand aside. [*Retires.*]

Enter KING EDWARD, LANCASTER, *the elder* MORTIMER, *the younger* MORTIMER, KENT, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Lancaster !

Lan. My Lord. 75

Gav. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Will you not grant me this ?—In spite of
 them

I'll have my will ; and these two Mortimers,
 That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd. [*Aside.*]

E. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

Gav. That villain Mortimer ! I'll be his death.
 [*Aside.*]

Y. Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
 Were sworn to your father at his death,
 That he should ne'er return into the realm :
 And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath, 85
 This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,

Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

Gav. *Mort dieu !*

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these
words : 91

Beseems it thee to contradict thy king ?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster ?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff. 95
I will have Gaveston ; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

Gav. Well done, Ned !

[*Aside.*

Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you, 100
But for that base and obscure Gaveston ?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester ;
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm ; 105
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

Kent. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me
mute ;

But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Percy of the North, being highly mov'd, 110
Braved Mowbray in presence of the king ;
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head ; but with his look
'Th' undaunted spirit of Percy was appeas'd,
And Mowbray and he were reconcil'd : 115

Yet dare you brave the king unto his face.—
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

War. O, our heads!

K. Edw. Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish
you grant. 120

War. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Y. Mor. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.—
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.—
Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king, 125
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

E. Mor. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our
heads.

War. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

Lan. And northward Gaveston hath many friends.—
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind, 130
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood, and at thy wanton head
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt all except KING EDWARD,
KENT, GAVESTON, and Attendants.*]

K. Edw. I cannot brook these haughty menaces;
Am I a king, and must be over-rul'd?— 135
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord.

[*Comes forward.*]

K. Edw. What, Gaveston ! welcome ! Kiss not
my hand ; 140

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.

Why shouldst thou kneel ? know'st thou not who I am ?

Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston !

Not Hylas was more mourned for of Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile. 145

Gav. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

K. Edw. I know it.—Brother, welcome home my
friend.—

Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster : 150

I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight ;

And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,

Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.

I here create thee Lord High-chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me, 155
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

K. Edw. Cease, brother : for I cannot brook these
words.— 160

Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,

Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart.

If for these dignities thou be envied,

I'll give thee more ; for, but to honour thee,

Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment. 165

Fear'st thou thy person ? thou shalt have a guard :

Wantest thou gold ? go to my treasury :

Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd ? receive my seal,
 Save or condemn, and in our name command
 What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes. 170

Gav. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love ;
 Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
 As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
 With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY.

K. Edw. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so
 fast ? 175

Bish. of Cov. To celebrate your father's exequies.
 But is that wicked Gaveston return'd ?

K. Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on
 thee,
 That wert the only cause of his exile.

Gav. 'Tis true ; and, but for reverence of these
 robes, 180
 Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

Bish. of Cov. I did no more than I was bound to
 do ;
 And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
 As then I did incense the parliament,
 So will I now, and thou shalt back to France. 185

Gav. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

K. Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
 And in the channel christen him anew.

Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,
 For he'll complain unto the see of Rome. 190

Gav. Let him complain unto the see of hell :
 I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

K. Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods :

Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain : 195
I give him thee ; here, use him as thou wilt.

Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

K. Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

Bish. of Cov. For this offence, be thou accurs'd of God !

K. Edw. Who's there ? Convey this priest to the Tower. 200

Bish. of Cov. True, true.

K. Edw. But in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again. 205

Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house ?
A prison may beseem his holiness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London, near the King's Palace.*

Enter, on one side the elder MORTIMER and the younger MORTIMER ; on the other, WARWICK and LANCASTER.

War. 'Tis true : the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

Lan. What ! will they tyrannize upon the church ?
Ah, wicked king ! accursed Gaveston !
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps, 5
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.

Y. Mor. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure ;

Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

E. Mor. How now, why droops the Earl of Lancaster ?

Y. Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent ? 10

Lan. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

E. Mor. An earl !

War. Ay, and besides Lord-chamberlain of the realm,

And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

E. Mor. We may not nor we will not suffer this.

Y. Mor. Why post we not from hence to levy men ? 16

Lan. " My Lord of Cornwall," now at every word ;
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.

Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march : 20
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits,
And all the court begins to flatter him.

War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

E. Mor. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave ? 25

Lan. All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

Y. Mor. Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.

Were all the earls and barons of my mind,

We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up ; 30
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

War. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

Lan. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and an
Attendant.*

Archb. of Cant. First were his sacred garments
rent and torn, 35
Then laid they violent hands upon him ; next
Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseiz'd :
This certify the Pope ;—away, take horse.

[Exit Attendant.]

Lan. My lord, will you take arms against the king?

Archb. of Cant. What need I ? God himself is up
in arms, 40
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Y. Mor. Then will you join with us, that be his
peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston ?

Archb. of Cant. What else, my lords ? for it con-
cerns me near ;—
The bishoprick of Coventry is his. 45

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Y. Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so
fast ?

Q. Isab. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent ;

For now my lord the king regards me not,
 But dotes upon the love of Gaveston : 50
 He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
 Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears ;
 And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
 "Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

E. Mor. Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitch'd ?

Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again : 56
 That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
 Or lose our lives ; and yet ere that day come
 The king shall lose his crown ; for we have power,
 And courage too, to be reveng'd at full. 60

Archb. of Cant. But yet lift not your swords against
 the king.

Lan. No ; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.

War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay
 still.

Q. Isab. Then let him stay ; for rather than my
 lord
 Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies, 65
 I will endure a melancholy life,
 And let him frolic with his minion.

Archb. of Cant. My lords, to ease all this, but hear
 me speak :
 We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
 Will meet, and with a general consent 70
 Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.

— *Y. Mor.* Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be ?

Archb. of Cant. At the New Temple. 75

Y. Mor. Content.

Archb. of Cant. And, in the mean time, I'll entreat
you all

To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan. Come then, let's away.

Y. Mor. Madam, farewell !

Q. Isab. Farewell, sweet Mortimer ; and, for my
sake, 80

Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. Mor. Ay, if words will serve ; if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London, a street.*

Enter GAVESTON and KENT.

Gav. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone toward Lambeth : there let them remain. 5

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London, the New Temple.*

*Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, the elder
MORTIMER, the younger MORTIMER, the ARCH-
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and Attendants.*

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile :
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

Archb. of Cant. Give me the paper.

[*He subscribes, as the others do after him.*]

Lan. Quick, quick, my lord ; I long to write my name.

War. But I long more to see him banish'd hence. 5

Y. Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,

Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.

Enter KING EDWARD, GAVESTON, and KENT.

K. Edw. What, are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here ?

It is our pleasure ; we will have it so.

Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side, 10

For no where else the new earl is so safe.

E. Mor. What man of noble birth can brook this sight ?

Quam male conveniunt !—

See what a scornful look the peasant casts !

Pem. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants ? 15

War. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.

Y. Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces
down :

We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

K. Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer ! 20

E. Mor. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston !

Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king ?

War. We know our duties ; let him know his peers.

K. Edw. Whither will you bear him? stay, or ye shall die.

E. Mor. We are no traitors; therefore threaten not. 25

Gav. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home.
Were I a king——

Y. Mor. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
Thou hardly art a gentleman by birth?

K. Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion, 30
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.—
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.

E. Mort. And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.

[Attendants *remove* GAVESTON and KENT.]

K. Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king; 35

Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne;
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown.
Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?

Lan. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

Y. Mor. What we have done our heart-blood shall maintain. 40

War. Think you that we can brook this upstart's pride?

K. Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

Archb. of Cant. Why are you mov'd? be patient,
my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.

Y. Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute, 45
And either have our wills or lose our lives.

K. Edw. Meet you for this, proud over-daring
peers ?

Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde. 50

Archb. of Cant. You know that I am legate to the
Pope ;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

Y. Mor. Curse him, if he refuse ; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king. 55

K. Edw. Ay, there it goes ! but yet I will not yield :
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

Archb. of Cant. Remember how the bishop was
abus'd !
Either banish him that was the cause thereof, 60
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

K. Edw. It boots me not to threat ; I must speak
fair : [Aside.

The legate of the Pope will be obey'd.
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm ; 65
Thou, Lancaster, High-Admiral of our fleet ;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls ;
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North ;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy, 70

And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

Archb. of Cant. Nothing shall alter us;—we are
resolv'd.

Lan. Come, come, subscribe. 75

Y. Mor. Why should you love him whom the
world hates so?

K. Edw. Because he loves me more than all the
world.

Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston!
You that be noble-born should pity him. 80

War. You that are princely-born should shake
him off;
For shame, subscribe, and let the lown depart.

E. Mor. Urge him, my lord.

Archb. of Cant. Are you content to banish him the
realm?

K. Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears. [*Subscribes.*

Y. Mor. The king is love-sick for his minion.

K. Edw. 'Tis done: and now, accursed hand, fall
off!

Lan. Give it me: I'll have it publish'd in the
streets.

Y. Mor. I'll see him presently despatch'd away.

Archb. of Cant. Now is my heart at ease.

War. And so is mine. 91

Pem. This will be good news to the common sort.

E. Mor. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt all except* KING EDWARD.]

K. Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love !
 They would not stir, were it to do me good. 95
 Why should a king be subject to a priest ?
 Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,
 With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
 Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
 I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce 100
 The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground !
 With slaughter'd priests make Tiber's channel swell,
 And banks rais'd higher with their sepulchres !
 As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
 If I be king, not one of them shall live. 105

Re-enter GAVESTON.

Gav. My lord, I hear it whisper'd everywhere,
 That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

K. Edw. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston — O, were it
 false !

The legate of the Pope will have it so,
 And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd. 110
 But I will reign to be reveng'd of them ;
 And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
 Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough ;
 And long thou shalt not stay ; or if thou dost,
 I'll come to thee ; my love shall ne'er decline. 115

Gav. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief ?

K. Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words :

Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston ;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks 120
The blessedness of Gaveston remains ;
For no where else seeks he felicity.

K. Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead, 125
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine ;

[*They exchange pictures.*

O, might I keep thee here as I do this,
Happy were I ! but now most miserable.

Gav. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king. 130

K. Edw. Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee,
Gaveston.

Gav. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me
more.

K. Edw. Kind words, and mutual talk make our
grief greater :

Therefore with dumb embracement, let us part.

Stay, Gaveston ; I cannot leave thee thus. 135

Gav. For every look, my lord, drops down a tear : —
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

K. Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill.

But come, sweet friend ; I'll bear thee on thy way. 140

Gav. The peers will frown.

K. Edw. I pass not for their anger—Come let's go ;
O that we might as well return as go!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Whither goes my lord ?

K. Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet ! get
thee gone. 145

Q. Isab. On whom but on my husband should I
fawn ?

Gav. On Mortimer ; with whom, ungentle queen,—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

Q. Isab. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gav-
eston ;

Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord, 150
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question ?

Gav. I mean not so ; your grace must pardon me.

K. Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd ; 155
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.

Q. Isab. Your highness knows it lies not in my
power.

K. Edw. Away then ! touch me not.—Come Gav-
eston.

Q. Isab. Villain ! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my
lord. 160

Gav. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

K. Edw. Speak not unto her ; let her droop and
pine.

Q. Isab. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?

Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks, 165
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

K. Edw. And witness heaven how dear thou art to me!

There weep : for, till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD and GAVESTON.]

Q. Isab. O miserable and distressed queen ! 170
Would, when I left sweet France and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape, or at the marriage day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison !
Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck 175
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me !
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries ;
For never doted Jove on Ganymede 180
So much as he on cursed Gaveston :
But that will more exasperate his wrath ;
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston :
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston : 185
And so am I for ever miserable. —

Re-enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the elder*
MORTIMER, *and the younger* MORTIMER.

Lan. Look where the sister of the King of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast !

War. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.

Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint. 190

Y. Mor. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.

E. Mor. Why, he is gone.

Y. Mor. Madam, how fares your grace ?

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer ! now breaks the king's hate forth,

And he confesseth that he loves me not.

Y. Mor. Cry quittance, madam, then, and love not him. 195

Q. Isab. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths :

And yet I love in vain ; he'll ne'er love me.

Lan. Fear ye not, madam ; now his minion's gone, His wanton humour will be quickly left.

Q. Isab. O never, Lancaster ! I am enjoin'd 200
To sue unto you all for his repeal ;
'This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.

Lan. For his repeal, madam ! he comes not back, Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body. 205

War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that, There's none here but would run his horse to death.

Y. Mor. But, madam, would you have us call him home ?

Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restor'd, The angry king hath banish'd me the court ; 210
And therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Y. Mor. What ! would you have me plead for Gaveston ?

E. Mor. Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.

Lan. And so am I, my lord ; dissuade the queen. 215

Q. Isab. O Lancaster ! let him dissuade the king ! For 'tis against my will he should return.

War. Then speak not for him ; let the peasant go.

Q. Isab. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

Pem. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease. 220

Y. Mor. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish,
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead ;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me a while, 225

And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Y. Mor. It is impossible ; but speak your mind.

Q. Isab. Then thus ;—but none shall hear it but ourselves.

[*Talks to Y. MORTIMER apart.*]

Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer, 230

Will you be resolute, and hold with me ?

E. Mor. Not I, against my nephew.

Pem. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

War. No? do but mark how earnestly she pleads!

Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial! 235

War. She smiles; now for my life his mind is chang'd!

Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.

Y. Mor. Well, of necessity it must be so.—

My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston

I hope your honours make no question, 240

And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,

'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:

Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!

Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him? 245

And is this true, to call him home again?

Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Y. Mor. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.

Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.

Q. Isab. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege. 250

War. All that he speaks is nothing; we are resolv'd.

Y. Mor. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

Pem. I would he were.

Y. Mor. Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.

E. Mor. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.

Y. Mor. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all ? 260
And whereas he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

War. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

Y. Mor. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd 265
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague ? 270

Pem. He saith true.

Lan. Ay, but how chance this was not done before ?

Y. Mor. Because, my lords, it was not thought
upon.

Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home, 275
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

E. Mor. But how if he do not, nephew ?

Y. Mor. Then may we with some colour rise in
arms ;

For, howsoever we have borne it out, 280
'Tis treason to be up against the king ;
So shall we have the people of our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,

Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is, 285
 Should bear us down of the nobility :
 And when the commons and the nobles join,
 'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston ;
 We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
 My lords, if to perform this I be slack, 290
 Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

Lan. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

War. And so will Pembroke and I.

E. Mor. And I.

Y. Mor. In this I count me highly gratified,
 And Mortimer will rest at your command. 295

Q. Isab. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
 Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
 But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
 Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
 Is new returned. This news will glad him much ;
 Yet not so much as me ; I love him more 301
 Than he can Gaveston ; would he lov'd me
 But half so much ! then were I treble-blest.

Re-enter KING EDWARD, mourning.

K. Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I
 mourn :

Did never sorrow go so near my heart, 305
 As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston !
 And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
 I would freely give it to his enemies,
 And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.

Q. Isab. Hark ! how he harps upon his minion !

K. Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah, had some bloodless Fury rose from hell, 315
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston !

Lan. Diablo, what passions call you these ?

Q. Isab. My gracious lord, I come to bring you
news.

K. Edw. That you have parled with your Mortimer ?

Q. Isab. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.

K. Edw. Repeal'd ! the news is too sweet to be true.

Q. Isab. But will you love me, if you find it so ?

K. Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do ?

Q. Isab. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel. 325

K. Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gav-
eston ;

I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

Q. Isab. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord ; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury. 331
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel !

K. Edw. Once more receive my hand ; and let
this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

Q. Isab. And may it prove more happy than the
first ! 335
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,

That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

K. Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And, as gross vapours perish by the sun, 340
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.

Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.

K. Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor :
These silver hairs will more adorn my court 345
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

K. Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king. 350

Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for
you.

K. Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer
aside ?

Be thou commander of our royal fleet ;
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm. 355

Y. Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

K. Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserves no common place, nor mean reward, 360
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

E. Mor. In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.

Queen. Now is the King of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers. 366

K. Edw. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston, to Ireland !

Enter BEAUMONT with warrant.

Beaumont, fly

As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury. 370

Beau. It shall be done, my gracious Lord. [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your
charge.

Now let us in, and feast it royally.

Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament ; 375
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd.

For wot you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the Earl of Gloucester's heir ?

Lan. Such news we hear, my lord.

K. Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger, 381
Spare for no cost ; we will requite your love.

War. In this or aught your highness shall com-
mand us.

K. Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick ; come let's in
and revel.

[*Exeunt all except the elder MORTIMER
and the younger MORTIMER.*

E. Mor. Nephew, I must to Scotland ; thou stay'st
here. 385

Leave now to oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm ;
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions : 390
Great Alexander lov'd Hephæstion,
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd :
And not kings only, but the wisest men ;
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius, 395
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl ;
For riper years will wean him from such toys. 400

Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not
me ;

But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm,
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay. 405
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And, Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd. 410
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk ;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he, 415
From out a window, laugh at such as we,

And flout our train, and jest at our attire.

Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

E. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

Y. Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him service :
But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart, 421
I will not yield to any such upstart.

You know my mind : come, uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle.*

Enter the younger SPENSER and BALDOCK.

Bald. Spenser,
Seeing that our lord the Earl of Gloucester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve ?

Y. Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies. 5
Baldock, learn this of me : a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us ;
But he that hath the favour of a king
May with one word advance us while we live.
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man 10
On whose good fortune Spenser's hope depends.

Bald. What, mean you, then, to be his follower ?

Y. Spen. No, his companion ; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

Bald. But he is banish'd ; there's small hope of
him. 15

Y. Spen. Ay, for a while ; but, Baldock, mark the end.

A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again ;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king ; 20
And as she read she smil'd ; which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

Bald. 'Tis like enough ; for since he was exil'd
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off, 25
And that his banishment had changed her mind.

Y. Spen. Our lady's first love is not wavering ;
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.

Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child. 30

Y. Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar
off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day, 35
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward with your eyelids close,
And saying, " Truly, an't may please your honour," 40
Can get you any favour with great men :
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

Bald. Spenser, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,

And use them but of mere hypocrisy. 45
Mine old lord whiles he liv'd was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And, being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness ;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough, 50
And apt for any kind of villany.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

Y. Spen. But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem*,
And hath a special gift to form a verb. 55

Bald. Leave off this jesting ; here my lady comes.

Enter KING EDWARD'S Niece.

Niece. The grief for his exile was not so much
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston :
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself ? 60
I know thou couldst not come and visit me :
I will not long be from thee, though I die ;— [*Reads.*
This argues the entire love of my lord ;—
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart !— [*Reads.*
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep. 65
[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*

Now to the letter of my lord the king.—
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston : why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage day ?—
Who's there ? Baldock ! 70
See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

Bald. It shall be done, madam. [*Exit* BALDOCK.

Niece. And meet me at the park-pale presently.
 Spenser, stay you and bear me company,
 For I have joyful news to tell thee of ; 75
 My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,
 And will be at the court as soon as we.

Spen. I knew the king would have him home again.

Niece. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
 Thy service, Spenser, shall be thought upon. 80

Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship.

Niece. Come, lead the way ; I long till I am there.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Tynmouth Castle.*

Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA, KENT,
 LANCASTER, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK,
 PEMBROKE, *and* Attendants.

K. Edw. The wind is good, I wonder why he
 stays ;
 I fear me he is wreck'd upon the sea.

Q. Isab. Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
 And still his mind runs on his minion !

Lan. My lord,—— 5

K. Edw. How now ! what news ? is Gaveston
 arrived ?

Y. Mor. Nothing but Gaveston ! what means your
 grace ?
 You have matters of more weight to think upon ;
 The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

K. Edw. A trifle ! we'll expel him when we
 please. 10

But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord ; not worth the
telling.

K. Edw. Pray thee, let me know it.

Y. Mor. But, seeing you're so desirous, thus it
is : 15

A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets into the highest bough of all ;
The motto, *Æque tandem*. 20

K. Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.

Pliny reports there is a flying-fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursu'd, it takes the air : 25
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it : this fish, my lord, I bear ;
The motto this : *Undique mors est*.

Kent. Proud Mortimer ! ungentle Lancaster !
Is this the love you bear your sovereign ? 30
Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears ?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds ?
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother ? 35

Q. Isab. Sweet husband, be content, they all love
you.

K. Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.

I am that cedar ; shake me not too much ;
 And you the eagles ; soar ye ne'er so high,
 I have the jesses that will pull you down ; 40
 And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
 Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
 Though thou compar'st him to a flying-fish,
 And threat'nest death whether he rise or fall,
 'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea, 45
 Nor foulest harpy, that shall swallow him.

Y. Mor. If in his absence thus he favours him,
 What will he do whenas he shall be present ?

Lan. That shall we see ; look where his lordship
 comes !

Enter GAVESTON.

K. Edw. My Gaveston ! 50
 Welcome to Tynmouth ! welcome to thy friend !
 Thy absence made me droop and pine away ;
 For, as the lovers of fair Danae,
 When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
 Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous, 55
 So did it fare with me : and now thy sight
 Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
 Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth
 mine ;
 Yet have I words left to express my joy : 60
 The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,
 Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
 Than I do to behold your majesty.

K. Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston ?

Lan. Salute him ! yes.—Welcome, Lord Chamberlain ! 65

Y. Mor. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall !

War. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man !

Pem. Welcome, Master Secretary !

Kent. Brother, do you hear them ?

K. Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus. 70

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

Q. Isab. Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to jar ! [Aside.

K. Edw. Return it to their throats ; I'll be thy warrant.

Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef ; 75
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you.

[Draws his sword, and offers to stab GAVESTON.

K. Edw. Treason ! treason ! where's the traitor ?

Pem. Here ! here ! 81

K. Edw. Convey hence Gaveston ; they'll murder him.

Gav. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

Y. Mor. Villain ! thy life, unless I miss my aim.

[Wounds GAVESTON.

Q. Isab. Ah ! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done ? 85

Y. Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain. [*Exit GAVESTON, with Attendants.*]

K. Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live ;

Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.

Out of my presence, come not near the court !

Y. Mor. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.

Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block. 91

K. Edw. Look to your own heads ; his is sure enough.

War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

Kent. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

K. Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus ; 95

But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads

That think with high looks thus to tread me down.

Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,

'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA, and KENT.]

War. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd.

Y. Mor. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath ! 101

Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now ;
He means to make us stoop by force of arms ;
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death. 105

Y. Mor. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live !

War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lan. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king ;
And make the people swear to put him down. 110

Enter a Messenger.

Y. Mor. Letters ! from whence ?

Mes. From Scotland, my lord.
[*Giving letters to MORTIMER.*

Lan. Why, how now, cousin, how fare all our friends ?

Y. Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man ; be of good cheer.

Y. Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound. 115

Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars ?
I'll to the king.

Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

War. Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head. 121

Y. Mor. About it then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.

War. I warrant you. [*Exit with PEMBROKE.*

Y. Mor. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,

I'll thunder such a peal into his ears, 126
As never subject did unto his king.

Lan. Content, I'll bear my part.—Holla ! who's there ?

Enter Guard.

Y. Mor. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

Lan. Lead on the way. 130

Guard. Whither will your lordships ?

Y. Mor. Whither else but to the king.

Guard. His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may ; but we will speak to him.

Guard. You may not in, my lord.

Y. Mor. May we not ?

Enter KING EDWARD and KENT.

K. Edw. How now ! 135

What noise is this ? Who have we there ? is 't you ?
[*Going.*

Y. Mor. Nay, stay, my lord ; I come to bring you news ;

Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

K. Edw. Then ransom him.

Lan. 'Twas in your wars ; you should ransom him. 140

Y. Mor. And you shall ransom him, or else——

Kent. What ! Mortimer, you will not threaten him ?

K. Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,

To gather for him throughout the realm.

Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers 146
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
'Twould levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

K. Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus? 150

Y. Mor. Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak
my mind.

Lan. And so will I ; and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious
shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak ;
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break. 156

Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd ;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneil, with swarms of Irish kerns, 160
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And, unresisted, drive away rich spoils.

Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the nar-
row seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd. 165

Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Y. Mor. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?

Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world, 171

I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love :
 Libels are cast again thee in the street ;
 Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses
 burnt, 175
 Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
 Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner
 spread
 But once ? and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
 With garish robes, not armour ; and thyself, 180
 Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
 Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
 Where women's favours hung like labels down. —

Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
 To England's high disgrace, have made this jig ; 185

*Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
 For your lemans you have lost at Bannocksbourn,
 With a heave and a ho !
 What weeneth the King of England
 So soon to have won Scotland ? 190
 With a rombelow !*

Y. Mor. Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.

If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can ;
 Look next to see us with our ensigns spread. 195
 [*Exit with Y. MORTIMER.*]

K. Edw. My swelling heart for very anger breaks :
 How oft have I been baited by these peers,

And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is great !
 Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
 Affright a lion ? Edward, unfold thy paws, 200
 And let their lives'-blood slake thy fury's hunger.
 If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
 Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
 Will be the ruin of the realm and you, 205
 For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
 And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

K. Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston ?

Kent. Ay, and it grieves me that I favour'd him.

K. Edw. Traitor, be gone ! whine thou with Mortimer. 210

Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

K. Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more !

Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble
 peers,

When I thy brother am rejected thus. [*Exit KENT.*

K. Edw. Away ! 215

Poor Gaveston, that hast no friend but me !
 Do what they can, we'll live in Tynmouth here,
 And, so I walk with him about the walls,
 What care I though the earls begirt us round ?
 Here comes she that is cause of all these jars. 220

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, with KING EDWARD'S Niece,
 two Ladies, GAVESTON, BALDOCK, and the younger
 SPENSER.*

Q. Isab. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in
 arms.

K. Edw. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour
'em.

Q. Isab. Thus do you still suspect me without
cause.

Niece. Sweet uncle, speak more kindly to the queen.

Gav. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

K. Edw. Pardon me, sweet, I forgot myself. 226

Q. Isab. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.

K. Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

Gav. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

K. Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well.

Gav. Why, then, we'll have him privily made away.

K. Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both ca-
rous'd

A bowl of poison to each other's health!

But let them go, and tell me what are these. 235

Niece. Two of my father's servants whilst he
liv'd,—

May't please your grace to entertain them now.

K. Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born? What
is thine arms?

Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry. 240

K. Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.

K. Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

Gav.

Ay, my lord ;

His name is Spenser ; he is well allied ; 245

For my sake, let him wait upon your grace ;

Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

K. Edw. Then, Spenser, wait upon me, for his
sake :

I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

Y. Spen. No greater titles happen unto me, 250

Than to be favour'd of your majesty !

K. Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage
feast :—

And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,

To wed thee to our niece, the only heir

Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceas'd. 255

Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach me ;

But I respect neither their love nor hate.

K. Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit
me ;

He that I list to favour shall be great.

Come, let's away ; and when the marriage ends, 260

Have at the rebels and their complices ! [*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *The Barons' Camp before Tynmouth Castle.**Enter KENT, LANCASTER, the younger MORTIMER,
WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and others.**Kent.* My lords, of love to this our native land,

I come to join with you and leave the king ;

And in your quarrel, and the realm's behoof,

Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy, 5
To undermine us with a show of love.

War. He is your brother ; therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

Kent. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth :
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords. 10

Y. Mor. Stay, Edmund ; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pem. But what's the reason you should leave him
now ?

Kent. I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster.

Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd, — 16
And here in Tynmouth frolics with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.

Y. Mor. I'll give the onset.

War. And I'll follow thee. 20

Y. Mor. This totter'd ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that Dead Sea, —
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.—
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport, 25
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston !

Lan. None be so hardy as to touch the king ;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Within Tynmouth Castle.*

Enter, severally, KING EDWARD and the younger SPENSER.

K. Edw. O tell me, Spenser, where is Gaveston ?

Spen. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.

K. Edw. No, here he comes ; now let them spoil and kill.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, KING EDWARD'S Niece, GAVESTON, and Nobles.

Fly, fly, my lords ; the earls have got the hold ;
Take shipping and away to Scarborough ; 5
Spenser and I will post away by land.

Gav. O stay, my lord ! they will not injure you.

K. Edw. I will not trust them. Gaveston, away !

Gav. Farewell, my lord.

K. Edw. Lady, farewell.

Niece. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again. 10

K. Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston ; and farewell, niece.

Q. Isab. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen ?

K. Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.

[Exeunt all except QUEEN ISABELLA.]

Q. Isab. Heavens can witness, I love none but you.

From my embracements thus he breaks away. 15

O that mine arms could close this isle about,

That I might pull him to me where I would !

Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,

Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part ! 20

*Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, the younger MORTIMER,
and others. Alarums within.*

Lan. I wonder how he scap'd !

Y. Mor. Who's this ? the queen !

Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted :
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord 25
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston ;
And all in vain ; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

Y. Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the
king ?

Q. Isab. What would you with the king ? is't him
you seek ? 30

Lan. No, madam, but that cursèd Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign !
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston :
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die. 35

Q. Isab. He's gone by water unto Scarborough ;
Pursue him quickly and he cannot scape ;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

War. Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster ; let's
march.

Y. Mor. How comes it that the king and he is
parted ? 40

Q. Isab. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd ; therefore be gone.

Y. Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy ;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain. 46

Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill our
sails :

Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.

Y. Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle here.

Q. Isab. No, Mortimer ; I'll to my lord the king.

Y. Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Q. Isab. You know the king is so suspicious
As if he hear I have but talk'd with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question ;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone. 55

Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you ;
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt all except QUEEN ISABELLA.*]

Q. Isab. So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,

As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand, 60
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston.
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer ;
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain, 65
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love :
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessèd day be slain. [Exit.

SCENE V. *Country near Scarborough Castle.**Enter GAVESTON, pursued.*

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,
 Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits ;
 And though divorcèd from King Edward's eyes,
 Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,
 Breathing, in hope (malgrado all your beards, 5
 That muster rebels thus against your king)
 To see his royal sovereign once again.

*Enter WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, the younger
 MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES and other Attendants
 of PEMBROKE.*

War. Upon him, soldiers ! take away his weapons !

Y. Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's
 peace,
 Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils, 10
 Base flatterer, yield ! and, were it not for shame,
 Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
 Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,
 And welter in thy gore.

Lan. Monster of men,
 That, like the Greekish strumpet, train'd to arms 15
 And bloody wars so many valiant knights,
 Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death !
 King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave ?——
 Go, soldiers, take him hence ; for by my sword 20

His head shall off.—Gaveston, short warning
Shall serve thy turn : it is our country's cause,
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person. Hang him at a bough.

Gav. My lord,—

War. Soldiers, have him away.— 25
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.

Gav. I thank you all, my lords : then I perceive
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all. —

Enter ARUNDEL.

Lan. How now, my lord of Arundel ! 30

Arun. My lords, King Edward greets you all by
me.

War. Arundel, say your message.

Arun. His majesty, hearing that you had taken
Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies ; for why, he says, 35
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall ;
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

War. How now ?

Gav. Renowmèd Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston !

War. No, it needeth not ; 40
Arundel, we will gratify the king

In other matters ; he must pardon us in this.—
Soldiers, away with him !

Gav. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes ?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at ; 45
Yet grant King Edward this.

Y. Mor. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant ?—Soldiers, away with him !
Thus we'll gratify the king ; [*To ARUNDEL.*
We'll send his head by thee ; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets 50
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

Lan. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him, than he hath ever earn'd.

Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And in the honour of a king he swears, 55
He will but talk with him, and send him back,

War. When, can you tell ? Arundel, no ; we
wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For Gaveston, will, if he sees him once, 60
Violate any promise to possess him.

Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace in
keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

Y. Mor. 'Tis honourable in thee to offer this ;
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman, 65
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.

Gav. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? that is over-base.

Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown!

Question with thy companions and mates. 70

Pem. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,

To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death, 75
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you, my lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.

War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough 80
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on "had I wist," and let him go?

Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,
But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath, I will return him back. 85

Arun. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

Lan. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

Pem. And you, Lord Mortimer?

Y. Mor. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

War. Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 'twill prove.

Pem. Then give him me.

Gav. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.

War. Yet not perhaps, 91
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside.*

Y. Mor. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you ;
Return him on your honour. Sound, away !

[*Exeunt all except PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL,
GAVESTON, JAMES, and other Attendants of PEMBROKE.*

Pem. My lord, you shall go with me. 95
My house is not far hence ; out of the way
A little ; but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to balk their lips.

Arun. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke ;
Your honour hath an adamant of power 101
To draw a prince.

Pem. So, my lord.—Come hither, James :
I do commit this Gaveston to thee ;
Be thou this night his keeper ; in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge ; be gone. 105

Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither go'st thou now ?
[*Exit with JAMES and other Attendants of PEMBROKE.*

Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Country near Deddington.*

Enter GAVESTON *mourning*, JAMES *and other Attendants of* PEMBROKE.

Gav. O treacherous Warwick, thus to wrong thy friend !

James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands ?
Oh ! must this day be period of my life,
Centre of all my bliss ? An ye be men, 5
Speed to the king.

Enter WARWICK *and Soldiers.*

War. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer : I will have that Gaveston.

James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

War. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.—
Go, take the villain ; soldiers, come away ; 11
We'll make quick work.—Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.

Gav. Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king ? 15

War. The King of heaven perhaps, no other king.—
Away !

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* Soldiers *with*
GAVESTON.

James. Come, fellows ; it booteth not for us to strive ;
We will in haste go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *King's camp, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.*

Enter KING EDWARD, *the younger* SPENSER, BALDOCK,
Noblemen *of the king's side*, and Soldiers *with*
drums and fifes.

K. Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah, Spenser, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him ! ah, he is mark'd to die !
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer ; 5
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again :
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Y. Spen. Were I King Edward, England's sover-
eign, 10
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm ? My lord, pardon my speech ; 15
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuff'd of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles :
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest, 21
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

K. Edw. Yea, gentle Spenser, we have been too
mild,

Too kind to them ; but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston, 26
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops

Bald. This haught resolve becomes your majesty,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a schoolboy still, 30
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

*Enter the elder SPENSER, with his truncheon, and
Soldiers.*

E. Spen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars !

K. Edw. Welcome, old man ; com'st thou in Ed-
ward's aid ?

Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art. 35

E. Spen. Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,
Brown bills and targeters, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spenser, the father of Hugh Spenser there, 40
Bound to your highness everlastingly
For favour done, in him, unto us all.

K. Edw. Thy father, Spenser ?

Y. Spen. True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet. 45

K. Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man,
again.
Spenser, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spenser, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,

And daily will enrich thee with our favour, 50
 That, as the sun-shine, shall reflect o'er thee.
 Beside, the more to manifest our love,
 Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
 And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
 Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the barons ;
 And, Spenser, spare them not, lay it on. x 56
 Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all !

Y. Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, and
 LEVUNE.

K. Edw. Madam, what news ?

Q. Isab. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
 Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust, 60
 Informeth us, by letters and by words,
 That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,
 Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
 Hath seizèd Normandy into his hands.
 These be the letters, this the messenger. 65

K. Edw. Welcome, Levune.—Tush, Sib, if this be
 all,
 Valois and I will soon be friends again.—
 But to my Gaveston : shall I never see,
 Never behold thee now ?—Madam, in this matter
 We will employ you and your little son ; 70
 You shall go parley with the King of France.—
 Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
 And do your message with a majesty.

P. Edw. Commit not to my youth things of more
 weight

Than fits a prince so young as I to bear ; 75
And fear not, lord and father,—heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe
Than shall your charge committed to my trust. †

Q. Isab. Ah, boy ! this towardness makes thy
mother fear
Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth. 80

K. Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be
shipp'd,
And this our son ; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.
Choose of our lords to bear you company ;
And go in peace ; leave us in wars at home. 85

Q. Isab. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave
their king ;
God end them once ! My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

[*Exit with* PRINCE EDWARD.]

Enter ARUNDEL.

K. Edw. What, Lord Arundel, dost thou come
alone ?

Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

K. Edw. Ah, traitors, have they put my friend to
death ? 91

Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death ?

Arun. Neither, my lord ; for as he was surpris'd,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round, 95
I did your highness' message to them all,

Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
 And said, upon the honour of my name,
 That I would undertake to carry him
 Unto your highness, and to bring him back. 100

K. Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deny me
 that ?

Y. Spen. Proud recreants !

K. Edw. Yea, Spenser, traitors all.

Arun. I found them at the first inexorable ;
 The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
 Mortimer hardly ; Pembroke and Lancaster 105
 Spake least : and when they flatly had denied,
 Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
 The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake ;
 " My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
 And promiseth he shall be safe return'd, 110
 I will this undertake, to have him hence,
 And see him re-deliver'd to your hands."

K. Edw. Well, and how fortunes that he came not ?

Y. Spen. Some treason or some villany was cause.

Arun. The Earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his
 way ; 115

For, being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
 Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe ;
 But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
 And bare him to his death ; and in a trench
 Strake off his head, and march'd unto the camp. 120

Y. Spen. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms.

K. Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die !

Y. Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword

Upon these barons ; hearten up your men ;
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends ! 125
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

K. Edw. [*kneeling*]. By earth, the common mother
of us all,

By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
By this right hand, and by my father's sword, 130
And all the honours 'longing to my crown,
I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers ! [*Rises.*
Traacherous Warwick ! traitorous Mortimer !
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore 135
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood.
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally 140
On your accursèd traitorous progeny,
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston !
And in his place of honour and of trust,
Spenser, sweet Spenser, I adopt thee here :
And merely of our love we do create thee 145
Earl of Glocester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Y. Spen. My lord, here is a messenger from the
barons,
Desires access unto your majesty.

K. Edw. Admit him near. 150

Enter Herald, with his coat of arms.

Her. Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord !

K. Edw. So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither.

Thou com'st from Mortimer and his complices ;
A ranker rout of rebels never was.

Well, say thy message. 155

Her. The barons up in arms by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness ;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood
You will this grief have ease and remedy, 160
That from your princely person you remove
This Spenser, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem ;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim, 165
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers :
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives, 170
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

Y. Spen. Ah, traitors, will they still display their pride ?

K. Edw. Away ! tarry no answer, but be gone !—
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company ?— 175
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce

[*Embraces SPENSER.*

Spenser from me.—Now get thee to thy lords,
 And tell them I will come to chastise them
 For murdering Gaveston ; hie thee, get thee gone !
 Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels. 180

[*Exit Herald.*

My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell ?—
 Soldiers, good hearts ! defend your sovereign's right,
 For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
 Away !

[*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great
 fight, and a retreat sounded within.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field, Boroughbridge.*

*Enter KING EDWARD, the elder SPENSER, the younger
 SPENSER, BALDOCK, and Noblemen of the king's
 side.*

K. Edw. Why do we sound retreat ? upon them,
 lords !

This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
 On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
 And do confront and countermand their king.

Y. Spen. I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

E. Spen. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
 To breathe awhile ; our men, with sweat and dust
 All chok'd well near, begin to faint for heat ;
 And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Y. Spen. Here come the rebels.

Enter the younger MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and others.

Y. Mor. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward
Among his flatterers.

Lan. And there let him be
Till he pay dearly for their company.

War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in
vain.

K. Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound
retreat? 15

Y. Mor. No, Edward, no; thy flatterers faint and
fly.

Lan. They had best betimes forsake thee and their
trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Y. Spen. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!

Pem. Away, base upstart! brav'st thou nobles thus?

E. Spen. A noble attempt, and honourable deed, 21
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king!

K. Edw. For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,
To appease the wrath of their offended king. 25

Y. Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the
last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?

K. Edw. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be
brav'd,

Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones, 30
And ploughs to go about our palace gates.

War. A desperate and unnatural resolution !—
Alarum to the fight !

St. George for England, and the barons' right.

K. Edw. St. George for England, and King Edward's right. 35

[*Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally.*]

Enter KING EDWARD and his followers, with the Barons and KENT, captives.

K. Edw. Now, lusty lords, now not by chance of war,

But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd is your pride ; methinks you hang the heads ;
But we'll advance them, traitors ; now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves, 40
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels, recreants, you made him away.

Kent. Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne. 46

K. Edw. So, sir, you have spoke ; away, avoid our presence ! [Exit KENT.]

Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spar'd to come to speak with us, 50
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms ;

For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest. 55

War. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces;
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

Lan. The worst is death; and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

K. Edw. Away with them, my lord of Winchester!
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster, 61
I charge you roundly, off with both their heads!
Away!

War. Farewell, vain world!

Lan. Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

Y. Mor. England, unkind to thy nobility, 65
Groan for this grief! behold how thou art maim'd!

K. Edw. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the
Tower,

There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.

Be gone! 70

Y. Mor. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?

No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be,
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

[*The captive Barons are led off.*]

K. Edw. Sound drums and trumpets! March
with me, my friends. 75

Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

[*Exeunt all except the younger SPENSER,
LEVUNE, and BALDOCK.*]

Y. Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee

Begets the quiet of King Edward's land :
Therefore be gone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France, 80
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffer'd Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danae, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment. 86

Levune. That's it these barons and the subtle
queen
Long levell'd at.

Bal. Yea, but, Levune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together ;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean. 90

Levune. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so
close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Y. Spen. Then make for France amain ; Levune,
away ! 95
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London, a Street near the Tower.*

Enter KENT.

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France ; blow,
gentle gale,

Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good !
 Nature, yield to my country's cause in this !
 A brother ? no, a butcher of thy friends !
 Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence ? 5
 But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged queen,
 And certify what Edward's looseness is.
 Unnatural king ! to slaughter noblemen
 And cherish flatterers ! Mortimer, I stay
 Thy sweet escape. Stand gracious, gloomy night, 10
 To his device !

Enter the younger MORTIMER, disguised.

Y. Mor. Holla ! who walketh there ?
 Is't you, my lord ?

Kent. Mortimer, 'tis I.
 But hath thy potion wrought so happily ?

Y. Mor. It hath, my lord ; the warders, all asleep,
 I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace. 15
 But hath your grace got shipping unto France ?

Kent. Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Paris.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA and PRINCE EDWARD.

Q. Isab. Ah, boy ! our friends do fail us all in
 France !

The lords are cruel, and the king unkind.
 What shall we do ?

P. Edw. Madam, return to England,
 And please my father well ; and then a fig

For all my uncle's friendship here in France ! 5
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly ;
'A loves me better than a thousand Spensers. †

Q. Isab. Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tun'd together !
No, no, we jar too far.—Unkind Valois ! 10
Unhappy Isabel ! when France rejects,
Whither, O, whither dost thou bend thy steps ?

Enter SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

Sir J. Madam, what cheer ?

Q. Isab. Ah, good Sir John of Hainault,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distress !

Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness ;
But droop not, madam ; noble minds contemn 16
Despair. Will your grace with me to Hainault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son ?—
How say you, my lord ? will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally ? 20

P. Edw. So please the queen my mother, me it
likes :

The King of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff ;
And then have at the proudest Spenser's head ! 25

Sir J. Well said, my lord !

Q. Isab. O, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy
wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy !—
Ah, sweet Sir John, even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais, 30

Will we with thee ! to Hainault ?—so we will :—
 The marquis is a noble gentleman ;
 His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.—
 But who are these ?

Enter KENT and the younger MORTIMER.

Kent. Madam, long may you live
 Much happier than your friends in England do ! 35

Q. Isab. Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive !
 Welcome to France ! the news was here, my lord,
 That you were dead, or very near your death.

Y. Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain :
 But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap, 40
 Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
 And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

P. Edw. How mean you, and the king my father
 lives ?
 No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

Q. Isab. Not, son ! why not ? I would it were no
 worse !— 45
 But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Y. Mor. Monsieur Le Grand, a noble friend of
 yours,
 Told us, at our arrival, all the news,—
 How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
 Hath shew'd himself : but, madam, right makes room
 Where weapons want : and, though a many friends
 Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
 And others of our part and faction ;
 Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England

Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy, 55
To see us there, appointed for our foes.

Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well re-
claim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness !

Y. Mor. But by the sword, my lord, 't must be de-
serv'd ;
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers. 60

Sir J. My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressed queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Hainault ; doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends, 65
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.
How say, young prince, what think you of the match ?

P. Edw. I think King Edward will outrun us all.

Q. Isab. Nay, son, not so ; and you must not dis-
courage
Your friends that are so forward in your aid. 70

Kent. Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray ;
These comforts that you give our woful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.

Q. Isab. Yea, gentle brother ; and the God of
heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John ! 75

Y. Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.—
Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen and nobles in distress
Have been by thee restor'd and comforted. 80

Sir J. Madam, along, and you, my lord, with me,
That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London, a room in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, ARUNDEL, *the elder* SPENSER,
the younger SPENSER, *and others.*

K. Edw. Thus after many threats of wrathful war
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends ;
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroll'd !
My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news ?

Y. Spen. What news, my lord ? 5

K. Edw. Why, man, they say there is great execu-
tion

Done through the realm. My lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not ?

Arun. From the lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

K. Edw. I pray let us see it. [*Takes the note from*
ARUNDEL.] What have we there ? 10

Read it, Spenser.

[*Gives the note to the younger SPENSER,*
who reads their names.]

Why so ; they bark'd apace a month ago :
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite,
Now, sirs, the news from France ? Gloucester, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well, 15
As Isabella gets no aid from thence.

What now remains ? have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer ?

Y. *Spen.* My lord, we have ; and if he be in
England,
'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not. 20

K. *Edw.* If, dost thou say? Spenser, as true as
death,
He is in England's ground ; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Messenger.

How now ! what news with thee ? from whence come
these ?

Mes. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of
France 25
To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.

[*Gives letters to the younger SPENSER.*]

K. *Edw.* Read.

Y. *Spen.* [reading]. *My duty to your honour pre-
mised, &c., I have, according to instructions in that
behalf, dealt with the King of France his lords, and
effected, that the queen, all discontented and discomforted,
is gone : whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault,
brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are
gone Lord Edmund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in
their company divers of your nation, and others ; and,
as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward
battle in England, sooner than he can look for them.
This is all the news of import.—Your honour's in all
service, LEVUNE.*

K. *Edw.* Ah, villains, hath that Mortimer escap'd ?
With him is Edmund gone associate ? 41
And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round ?

Welcome, a' God's name, madam, and your son !
 England shall welcome you and all your rout.
 Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky, 45
 And dusky Night, in rusty iron car,
 Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
 That I may see that most desirèd day,
 When we may meet these traitors in the field !
 Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy 50
 Is thus misled to countenance their ills !
 Come, friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong ;
 And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
 As you injurious were to bear them forth ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Queen's Camp, near Orwell, Suffolk.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, KENT, the
younger MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

Q. Isab. Now, lords, our loving friends and country-
 men,
 Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds !
 Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
 To cope with friends at home ; a heavy case
 When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive 5
 In civil broils make kin and countrymen
 Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
 With their own weapons gor'd ! But what's the help ?
 Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wreck ;
 And, Edward, thou art one among them all, 10
 Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
 And made the channel overflow with blood
 Of thine own people ; patron shouldst thou be,
 But thou——

Y. Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior, 15
 You must not grow so passionate in speeches.
 Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heaven
 Arriv'd and armèd in this prince's right,
 Here for our country's cause swear we to him
 All homage, fealty, and forwardness ; 20
 And for the open wrongs and injuries
 Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
 We come in arms to wreak it with the sword ;
 That England's queen in peace may repossess
 Her dignities and honours : and withal 25
 We may remove these flatterers from the king,
 That havock England's wealth and treasury.

Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let
 us march.
 Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Kent. I would he never had been flatter'd more !
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Near Bristol.*

Enter KING EDWARD, BALDOCK, *and the younger*
 SPENSER.

Y. Spen. Fly, fly, my lord ! the queen is over-strong ;
 Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
 Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

K. Edw. What, was I born to fly, and run away,
 And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind ? 5
 Give me my horse, let us reinforce our troops,
 And in this bed of honour die with fame.

Bald. O no, my lord ! this princely resolution
 Fits not the time ; away ! we are pursued. [Exeunt.]

Enter KENT, with a sword and target.

Kent. This way he fled ; but I am come too late.
 Edward, alas, my heart relents for thee ! 11
 Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
 Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword ?
 Vile wretch, and why hast thou, of all unkind,
 Borne arms against thy brother and thy king ? 15
 Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd head,
 Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
 To punish this unnatural revolt !
 Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life :
 O, fly him then ! But, Edmund, calm this rage ; 20
 Dissemble, or thou diest ; for Mortimer
 And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire :
 And yet she bears a face of love forsooth :
 Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate !
 Edmund, away ! Bristow to Longshanks' blood 25
 Is false ; be not found single for suspect :
 Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks. ✕

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, the younger
 MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.*

Q. Isab. Successful battle gives the God of kings
 To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
 Since then successfully we have prevail'd 30
 Thankèd be heaven's great architect, and you !
 Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
 We here create our well-belovèd son,
 Of love and care unto his royal person,
 Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates 35
 Have made his father so unfortunate,

Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

Kent. Madam, without offence if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall? 40

Prince. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you
mean?

Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him
king.

Y. Mor. My lord of Kent, what needs these ques-
tions?

'Tis not in her controlment nor in ours;
But as the realm and parliament shall please, 45
So shall your brother be disposèd of.—
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund:
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

[*Aside to the QUEEN.*

Q. Isab. My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows our
mind.

Y. Mor. Yea, madam; and they scape not easily
That fled the field.

Q. Isab. Baldock is with the king: 51
A goodly chancellor is he not, my lord?

Sir J. So are the Spensers, the father and the
son.

Y. Mor. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

*Enter RICE AP HOWEL, and the MAYOR OF BRISTOW,
with the elder SPENSER prisoner, and Attendants.*

Rice. God save Queen Isabel and her princely
son! 55

Madam, the Mayor and citizens of Bristow,
 In sign of love and duty to this presence,
 Present by me this traitor to the state,
 Spenser, the father to that wanton Spenser,
 That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome, 60
 Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury.

Q. Isab. We thank you all.

Y. Mor. Your loving care in this
 Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
 But where's the king and the other Spenser fled?

Rice. Spenser the son, created Earl of Glocester,
 Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone, 66
 And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.

Y. Mor. Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink
 them all.— [*Aside.*
 They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

P. Edw. Shall I not see the king my father
 yet? 70

Kent. Unhappy Edward, chas'd from England's
 bounds.

Sir J. Madam, what resteth, why stand you in a
 muse?

Q. Isab. I rue my lord's ill-fortune ; but, alas !
 Care of my country call'd me to this war !

Y. Mor. Mâdam, have done with care and sad
 complaint ; 75
 Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
 And we must seek to right it as we may.—
 Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

E. Spen. Rebel is he that fights against the prince ;
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right. 80

Y. Mor. Take him away, he prates.

[*Exeunt Attendants with the elder SPENSER.*

You, Rice ap Howel,

Shall do good service to her majesty,

Being of countenance in your country here,

To follow these rebellious runagates.—

We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice, 85

How Baldock, Spenser, and their complices,

May in their fall be follow'd to their end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Within the Abbey of Neath.*

*Enter the ABBOT, Monks, KING EDWARD, the younger
SPENSER, and BALDOCK (the three last disguised).*

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord ; have you no
fear ;

As silent and as careful we will be,

To keep your royal person safe with us,

Free from suspect, and fell invasion

Of such as have your majesty in chase, 5

Yourself, and those your chosen company,

As danger of this stormy time requires.

K. Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no
deceit.

O ! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,

Pierc'd deeply with sense of my distress, 10

Could not but take compassion of my state !

Stately and proud, in riches and in train,

Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp :

But what is he whom rule and empery
 Have not in life or death made miserable ? 15
 Come, Spenser, come, Baldock, come, sit down by me ;
 Make trial now of that philosophy,
 That in our famous nurseries of arts
 Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.—
 Father, this life contemplative is heaven : 20
 O, that I might this life in quiet lead !
 But we, alas, are chas'd—and you, my friends,
 Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.—
 Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
 Do you betray us and our company. 25

First Monk. Your grace may sit secure, if none
 but we
 Do wot of your abode.

Y. Spen. Not one alive ; but shrewdly I suspect
 A gloomy fellow in a mead below ;
 'A gave a long look after us, my lord ; 30
 And all the land I know is up in arms,
 Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Bald. We were embark'd for Ireland ; wretched we,
 With awkward winds and sore tempests driven,
 To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear 35
 Of Mortimer and his confederates !

K. Edw. Mortimer ! who talks of Mortimer ?
 Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
 That bloody man ?—Good father, on thy lap
 Lay I this head, laden with mickle care. 40
 O might I never ope these eyes again,
 Never again lift up this drooping head,
 O, never more lift up this dying heart !

Y. Spen. Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drow-
siness
Betides no good ; here even we are betray'd. 45

*Enter, with Welsh hooks, RICE AP HOWEL, a Mower,
and LEICESTER.*

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

Rice. Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray be short ;
A fair commission warrants what we do.

Leices. The queen's commission, urg'd by Morti-
mer :

What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen ?— 50

Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen

T' escape their hands that seek to reave his life !

Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*

Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.

But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.— 55

Spenser and Baldock, by no other names,

I arrest you of high treason here.

Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest ;

'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.—

My lord, why droop you thus ? 60

K. Edw. O day the last of all my bliss on earth !

Centre of all misfortune ! O my stars,

Why do you lour unkindly on a king ?

Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,

To take my life, my company from me ? 65

Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,

And take my heart in rescue of my friends.

Rice. Away with them !

Y. Spen. It may become thee yet
To let us take our farewell of his grace.

Abbot. My heart with pity earns to see this sight ;
A king to bear these words and proud commands !
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Spenser, ah, sweet Spenser, thus then
must we part ?

Y. Spen. We must, my lord ; so will the angry
heavens.

K. Edw. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer ;
The gentle heavens have not to do in this. 75

Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves ;
Our lots are cast ; I fear me, so is thine.

K. Edw. In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall
we meet :—
And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us ? 80

Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

K. Edw. Must ! it is somewhat hard when kings
must go.

Leices. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

K. Edw. A litter hast thou ? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence ;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore ;
For friends hath Edward none but these, and these—
And these must die under a tyrant's sword. 91

Rice. My lord, be going ; care not for these ;
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

K. Edw. Well, that shall be, shall be : part we
must ;
Sweet Spenser, gentle Baldock, part we must.— 95
Hence, feigned weeds ! unfeigned are my woes.—
[*Throwing off his disguise.*

Father, farewell.—Leicester, thou stay'st for me ;
And go I must.—Life, farewell, with my friends !
[*Exeunt KING EDWARD and LEICESTER.*

Y. Spen. Oh, is he gone ? is noble Edward gone ?
Parted from hence, never to see us more ? 100
Rent, sphere of heaven ! and, fire, forsake thy orb !
Earth, melt to air ! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas, never to make return !

Bald. Spenser, I see our souls are fleeting hence ;
We are deprived the sunshine of our life. 105
Make for a new life, man ; throw up thy eyes
And heart and hand to heaven's immortal throne ;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance ;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,—
To die, sweet Spenser, therefore live we all ; 110
Spenser, all live to die, and rise to fall. X

Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments till you
come to the place appointed. You, and such as you
are, have made wise work in England. Will your
lordships away ? 115

Mow. Your lordship, I trust, will remember me ?

Rice. Remember thee, fellow ! what else ? Follow
me to the town. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Killingworth Castle.*

Enter KING EDWARD, LEICESTER, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL.

Leices. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament ;
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

K. Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort
me, 5
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd ;
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds ; 10
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
[And], highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air :
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind 15
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison ;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain, 20
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king, †
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,

That Mortimer and Isabel have done. 25
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day ?
My nobles rule ; I bear the name of king ;
I wear the crown but am controll'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen 30
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy ;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange. 35
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king ?

Bish. of Win. Your grace mistakes; it is for
England's good
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

K. Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's
head ; 40
For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But, if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire !
Or, like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon, 45
Engirt the temples of his hateful head !
So shall not England's vine be perishèd,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

Leices. My lord, why waste you thus the time
away ?
They stay your answer ; will you yield your crown ?

K. Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can
brook 51

To lose my crown and kingdom without cause ;
 To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
 That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss ;
 In which extreme my mind here murdered is ! 55
 But that the heavens appoint I must obey.—
 Here, take my crown ; the life of Edward too ;

[*Taking off the crown.*

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
 But stay a while : let me be king till night, 60
 That I may gaze upon this glittering crown ;
 So shall my eyes receive their last content,
 My head, the latest honour due to it,
 And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
 Continue ever, thou celestial sun ;
 Let never silent night possess this clime : 65
 Stand still, you watches of the element ;
 All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
 That Edward may be still fair England's king ! 70
 But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
 And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
 Inhuman creatures, nursed with tiger's milk,
 Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow ?
 My diadem, I mean, and guiltless life.
 See, monsters, see ! I'll wear my crown again.

[*Putting on the crown.*

What, fear you not the fury of your king ?— 75
 But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led ;
 They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
 But seek to make a new-elected king ;
 Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
 Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments ;
 And in this torment comfort find I none, 81

But that I feel the crown upon my head ;
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

Trus. My lord, the parliament must have present
news ;
And therefore say, will you resign or no ? 85
[*The KING rageth.*

K. Edw. I'll not resign, but whilst I live [be king].
Traitors, be gone, and join you with Mortimer !
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will :
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.

Bish. of Win. This answer we'll return, and so
farewell. [Going with TRUSSEL.

Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak them
fair ; 91
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

K. Edw. Call thou them back ; I have no power
to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. of Win. If he be not, let him choose. 95

K. Edw. O would I might ! but heavens and earth
conspire

To make me miserable. Here, receive my crown.

Receive it ? no, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime :

He of you all that most desires my blood, 100

And will be call'd the murderer of a king,

Take it. What, are you mov'd ? pity you me ?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,

And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,

Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear. 105
 Yet stay ; for rather than I'll look on them,
 Here, here ! [*Gives the crown.*] Now, sweet God of
 heaven,
 Make me despise this transitory pomp,
 And sit for aye enthronizèd in heaven !
 Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes, 110
 Or if I live, let me forget myself !

Bish. of Win. My lord,—

K. Edw. Call me not lord ; away, out of my sight !
 Ah, pardon me ! grief makes me lunatic.
 Let not that Mortimer protect my son ; 115
 More safety there is in a tiger's jaws
 Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,
 Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs ;
 [*Gives a handkerchief.*
 If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
 Return it back and dip it in my blood. 120
 Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
 Better than I : yet how have I transgress'd
 Unless it be with too much clemency ?

Trus. And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.
 [*Exeunt the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and*
TRUSSEL with the crown.

K. Edw. Farewell ; I know the next news that
 they bring 125
 Will be my death ; and welcome shall it be ;
 To wretched men death is felicity.

Leices. Another post ! what news brings he ?

Enter BERKELEY, who gives a paper to LEICESTER.

K. Edw. Such news as I expect.—Come, Berkeley,
come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast. 130

Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

Leices. My lord, the council of the queen commands
That I resign my charge. 136

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must
you, my lord?

Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord; so 'tis decreed.

K. Edw. [*taking the paper*]. By Mortimer, whose
name is written here!

Well may I rent his name that rends my heart. 140
[*Tears it.*

This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Berk. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley
straight.

K. Edw. Whither you will; all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial. 146

Leices. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you

Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

K. Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now remov'd. 150

Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

K. Edw. I know not ; but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.—
Leicester, farewell.

Leices. Not yet, my lord ; I'll bear you on your way.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Westminster, a room in the palace.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA *and the younger* MORTIMER.

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire ;
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm. 5
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being grip'd himself.
Think therefore, madam, that imports us much 10
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him ;
For our behoof, 'twill bear the greater sway
Whenas a king's name shall be under-writ.

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel, 15
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well ;
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe. 20

Y. Mor. First would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Letters . from whence ?

Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.

Q. Isab. How fares my lord the king ?

Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

Q. Isab. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his
grief ! 26

Enter the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER with the crown.

Thanks, gentle Winchester.—Sirrah, be gone.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Bish. of Win. The king hath willingly resign'd his
crown.

Q. Isab. O happy news ! send for the prince my
son.

Bish. of Win. Further, or this letter was seal'd,
Lord Berkeley came, 30

So that he now is gone from Killingworth ;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free ; no more but so.
The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful
As Leicester that had charge of him before. 35

Q. Isab. Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. Mor. Let me alone ; here is the privy seal.—

[*Exit the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.*

Who's there ?—Call hither Gurney and Matrevis.—

[*To Attendants within.*

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
 Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd, 40
 And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Q. Isab. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
 What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Y. Mor. Speak, shall he presently be despatch'd
 and die?

Q. Isab. I would he were, so 'twere not by my
 means.

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

Y. Mor. Enough. Matrevis, write a letter pres-
 ently
 Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself
 That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
 And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat. It shall be done, my lord. [*Writes.*

Y. Mor. Gurney,—

Gur. My lord? 50

Y. Mor. As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
 Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
 Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
 And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gur. I warrant you, my lord. 55

Y. Mor. And this above the rest; because we hear
 That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
 Remove him still from place to place by night,
 Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
 And then from thence to Berkeley back again; 60
 And by the way, to make him fret the more,

Speak curstly to him ; and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

Mat. Fear not, my lord ; we'll do as you command.

Y. Mor. So now away ! post thitherwards amain.

Q. Isab. Whither goes this letter ? to my lord the
king ?

Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief, and work his liberty ; 70
And bear him this as witness of my love. [*Gives ring.*

Mat. I will, madam. [*Exit with GURNEY.*

Y. Mor. Finely dissembled ! Do so still, sweet
queen.

Here comes the young prince, with the Earl of Kent.

Q. Isab. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Y. Mor. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.

Q. Isab. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, and KENT talking with him.

Y. Mor. How fares my honourable lord of Kent ?

Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer.—How fares your
grace ? 80

Q. Isab. Well, if my lord your brother were en-
larg'd.

Kent. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

Q. Isab. The more my grief.

Y. Mor. . And mine.

Kent.

Ah, they do dissemble !

[*Aside.*

Q. Isab. Sweet son, come hither ; I must talk with thee.

Y. Mor. You, being his uncle and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince. 86

Kent. Not I, my lord ; who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life ? I mean the queen.

P. Edw. Mother, persuade me not to wear the
crown :

Let him be king ; I am too young to reign. 90

Q. Isab. But be content, seeing 'tis his highness'
pleasure.

P. Edw. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Kent. Ay, do, sweet nephew.

Q. Isab. Brother, you know it is impossible.

P. Edw. Why, is he dead ?

Q. Isab. No, God forbid ! 95

Kent. I would those words proceeded from your
heart !

Y. Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour
him,

That wast a cause of his imprisonment ?

Kent. The more cause have I now to make amends.

Y. Mor. [*aside to Q. ISAB.*]. I tell thee, 'tis not
meet that one so false 100

Should come about the person of a prince.—

My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

P. Edw. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

Q. Isab. Come, son, and go with this gentle lord
and me. 105

P. Edw. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Y. Mor. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?

Then I will carry thee by force away.

P. Edw. Help, uncle Kent ! Mortimer will wrong me.

Q. Isab. Brother Edmund, strive not ; we are his
friends ; 110

Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.

Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge ; redeem him.

Q. Isab. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrongèd me !

Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle, 115

And rescue agèd Edward from his foes, X

To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt, on one side, QUEEN ISABELLA,
PRINCE EDWARD, and the younger
MORTIMER ; on the other, KENT.*

SCENE III. *Near Killingworth Castle.*

*Enter MATREVIS, GURNEY, and Soldiers, with KING
EDWARD.*

Mat. My lord, be not pensive ; we are your
friends ;

Men are ordain'd to live in misery,

Therefore, come ; dalliance dangereth our lives.

K. Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward
go ?

Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest ? 5
Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls ?
When will the fury of his mind assuage ?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood ?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast, 10
And give my heart to Isabel and him :
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

Gur. Not so, my liege ; the queen hath given this
charge,
To keep your grace in safety :
Your passions make your dolours to increase. 15

K. Edw. This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life continue long
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench ?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance ; 20
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rents the closet of my heart ;
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.
Oh, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst, 25
And clear my body from foul excrements !

Mat. Here's channel water, as our charge is given :
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

K. Edw. Traitors, away ! what, will you murder
me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water ? 30

Gur. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,

Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

Mat. Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain.

K. Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,

But all in vain : so vainly do I strive 35
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[*They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his beard away.*]

Immortal powers, that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed soul,
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king.
O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd, 41
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died !
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine ; then, tush, for them I'll die. 45

Mat. 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.
Come, come, away ! now put the torches out :
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Gur. How now, who comes there ?

Enter KENT.

Mat. Guard the king sure : it is the Earl of Kent.

K. Edw. O, gentle brother, help to rescue me ! 51

Mat. Keep them asunder ; thrust in the king.

Kent. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.

Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors ! yield the king ! 55

Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus ?

Gur. Bind him and so convey him to the court.

Kent. Where is the court but here ? here is the king.

And I will visit him ; why stay you me ? 60

Mat. The court is where Lord Mortimer remains ; Thither shall your honour go ; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt* MATREVIS and GURNEY, with
KING EDWARD.

Kent. O miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison !

First Sold. Wherefore stay we ? on, sirs, to the court. 65

Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,

Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Westminster, a room in the palace.*

Enter the younger MORTIMER.

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down ;

The commons now begin to pity him :

Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,

Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age ;
 And therefore will I do it cunningly. 5
 This letter written by a friend of ours,
 Contains his death, yet bids them save his life ; [*Reads.*
Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.
 But read it thus, and that's another sense ; 10
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est,
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
 Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
 That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
 Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame, 15
 And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.
 Within this room is lock'd the messenger
 That shall convey it, and perform the rest :
 And by a secret token that he bears,
 Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.— 20
 Lightborn, come forth !

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Art thou so resolute as thou wast ?

Light. What else, my lord ? and far more resolute.

Y. Mor. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it ?

Light. Ay, ay ; and none shall know which way he
 died. 25

Y. Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt
 relent.

Light. Relent ! ha, ha ! I use much to relent.

Y. Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

Light. You shall not need to give instructions ;
 'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man : 30

I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers ;
To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat ;
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point ;
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears ; 35
Or open his mouth, and pour quick-silver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.

Y. Mor. What's that ?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me ; none shall know
my tricks.

Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied. 40
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis : [*Gives letter.*
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse :
Take this [*Gives money*] : away, and never see me
more !

Light. No ?

Y. Mor. No ; unless thou bring me news of Ed-
ward's death. 45

Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Y. Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I com-
mand,

And with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass :
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will. 50
Fear'd am I more than lov'd ;—let me be fear'd,
And, when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship, 55
And sue to me for that that I desire.

While at the council-table, grave enough,
 And not unlike a bashful puritan,
 First I complain of imbecility,
 Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum* ; 60
 Till, being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam* as they term it ;
 And to conclude, I am Protector now.
 Now is all sure ; the queen and Mortimer
 Shall rule the realm, the king ; and none rules us. 65
 Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance ;
 And what I list command who dare control ?
Major sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere ;
 And that this be the coronation-day,
 It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen. 70
[Trumpets within.
 The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, QUEEN ISABELLA,
 the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Champion, and
 Nobles.

Archb. of Cant. Long live King Edward, by the
 grace of God,
 King of England, and Lord of Ireland !

Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
 Dare but affirm, that Edward's not true king, 75
 And will avouch his saying with the sword,
 I am the champion that will combat him.

Y. Mor. None comes, sound trumpets ! [Trumpets.

K. Edw. Third. Champion, here's to thee.
[Gives purse.

Q. Isab. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers, with KENT prisoner.

Y. Mor. What traitor have we there with blades and bills? 80

First Sold. Edmund, the Earl of Kent.

K. Edw. Third. What hath he done?

First Sold. 'A would have taken the king away perforce,

As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Y. Mor. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

Kent. Mortimer, I did; he is our king, 85
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

Y. Mor. Strike off his head; he shall have martial law.

Kent. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee!

K. Edw. Third. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

Y. Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

Kent. Stay, villains! 91

K. Edw. Third. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,

Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

Q. Isab. Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.

K. Edw. Third. Nor I; and yet methinks I should command; 95

But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him.—

My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Y. Mor. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the
realm's.—

How often shall I bid you bear him hence? 100

Kent. Art thou king? must I die at thy command?

Y. Mor. At our command.—Once more, away with
him!

Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go:
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood:
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

[Soldiers *hale* KENT away, and carry him
to be beheaded.]

K. Edw. Third. What safety may I look for at his
hands,
If that my uncle shall be murder'd thus?

Q. Isab. Fear not, sweet boy; I'll guard thee from
thy foes;
Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park. 111

K. Edw. Third. And shall my uncle Edmund ride
with us?

Q. Isab. He is a traitor; think not on him; come.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A room in Berkeley Castle.*

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,

To which the channels of the castle run,
 From whence a damp continually ariseth,
 That were enough to poison any man,
 Much more a king, brought up so tenderly. 5

Gur. And so do I, Matrevis : yesternight
 I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
 And I was almost stifled with the savour.

Mat. He hath a body able to endure 10
 More than we can inflict : and therefore now
 Let us assail his mind another while.

Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will anger
 him.

Mat. But stay ; who's this ?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Light. My Lord Protector greets you.
 [*Gives letter.*]

Gur. What's here ? I know not how to construe
 it. 15

Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce ;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
 That's his meaning.

Light. Know you this token ? I must have the
 king. [*Gives token.*]

Mat. Ay, stay a while ; thou shalt have answer
 straight.— 20

This villain's sent to make away the king.

Gur. I thought as much.

Mat. And, when the murder's done,
 See how he must be handled for his labour,—

Pereat iste! Let him have the king ;
What else ? Here is the keys, this is the lock ; 25
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do. Get you away :
Yet be not far off ; I shall need your help ;
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot. 30

Mat. Very well.

Gur. Need you anything besides ?

Light. What else ? a table and a feather-bed.

Gur. That's all ?

Light. Ay, ay ; so, when I call you, bring it in.

Mat. Fear not thou that. 35

Gur. Here is a light to go into the dungeon.

[*Gives light to LIGHTBORN, and then exit
with MATREVIS.*]

Light. So, now
Must I about this gear ; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.—
Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart ! 40

K. Edw. Who's there ? what light is that ? where-
fore com'st thou ?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

K. Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy
looks :

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord ! 45
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery :

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state ? 50

K. Edw. Weep'st thou already ? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink 55
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains !

K. Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I
stood
This ten days' space ; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum ; 60
They give me bread and water, being a king ;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein, 65
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes !
Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O, speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my
heart. 70
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

K. Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought
but death ;
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while ; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes, 75

That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me
thus?

K. Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me
thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with inno-
cent blood, 80
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

K. Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a
thought.
One jewel have I left ; receive thou this : [*Giving jewel.*
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee. 85
O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul !
Know, that I am a king : O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief ! where is my crown ?
Gone, gone ! and do I remain alive ? 90

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord ; lie down and
rest.

K. Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should
sleep ;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.
Now, as I speak, they fall ; and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here ? 95

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

K. Edw. No, no ; for if thou mean'st to murder
me,
Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*

Light. He sleeps.

K. Edw. [*waking*]. O let me not die yet ; stay a while. 100

Light. How now, my lord ?

K. Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake ;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus ;
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ? 105

Light. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come.

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

K. Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist.—
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul !

Light. Run for the table.

K. Edw. O, spare me, or despatch me in a trice.
[*MATREVIS brings in a table. KING EDWARD is murdered by holding him down on the bed with the table, and stamping on it.*

Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.

Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done ? 115

Gur. Excellent well ; take this for thy reward.

[*Stabs LIGHTBORN, who dies.*

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord :
Away !

[*Exeunt with the bodies.*

SCENE VI. *Westminster, a room in the palace.*

Enter the younger MORTIMER and MATREVIS.

Y. Mor. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

Mat. Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone!

Y. Mor. Matrevis, if thou now grow'st penitent
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this, 5
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

Mat. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both; therefore let me fly.

Y. Mor. Fly to the savages!

Mat. I humbly thank your honour.
[*Exit.*

Y. Mor. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge
tree, 10
And others are but shrubs compar'd to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murder'd him. 15

Y. Mor. What if he have? the king is yet a child.

Q. Isab. Ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his
hands,

And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,

To crave the aid and succour of his peers. 20
Ay me, see where he comes, and they with him !
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, Lords, and
Attendants.

First Lord. Fear not, my lord ; know that you are
a king.

K. Edw. Third. Villain !—

Y. Mor. Ho, now, my lord !

K. Edw. Third. Think not that I am frighted with
thy words ; 25

My father's murder'd through thy treachery ;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd. 30

Q. Isab. Weep not, sweet son.

K. Edw. Third. Forbid not me to weep ; he was
my father ;
And, had you lov'd him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer. 35

First Lord. Why speak you not unto my lord the
king ?

Y. Mor. Because I think scorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dare say I murder'd him ?

K. Edw. Third. Traitor, in me my loving father
speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murder'dst him. 40

Y. Mor. But hath your grace no other proof than this?

K. Edw. Third. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
[*Shewing letter.*]

Y. Mor. False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself.
[*Aside to QUEEN ISABELLA.*]

Q. Isab. I fear'd as much; murder cannot be hid.

Y. Mor. It is my hand; what gather you by this?

K. Edw. Third. That thither thou didst send a murderer. 46

Y. Mor. What murderer? bring forth the man I sent.

K. Edw. Third. Ah, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain;

And so shalt thou be too.—Why stays he here?

Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth; 50

Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up:

But bring his head back presently to me.

Q. Isab. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer!

Y. Mor. Madam, entreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy. 55

K. Edw. Third. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer!

Y. Mor. Base Fortune, now I see that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire
They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,
And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?— 61
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,

That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

K. Edw. Third. What, suffer you the traitor to
delay ? 65

[*Exit the younger MORTIMER with First
Lord and some of the Attendants.*]

Q. Isab. As thou receivedest thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

K. Edw. Third. This argues that you spilt my
father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

Q. Isab. I spill his blood ? no. 70

K. Edw. Third. Ay, madam, you ; for so the
rumour runs.

Q. Isab. That rumour is untrue ; for loving thee
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel.

K. Edw. Third. I do not think her so unnatural.

Sec. Lord. My lord, I fear me it will prove too
true. 75

K. Edw. Third. Mother, you are suspected for his
death,

And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till farther trial may be made thereof.

If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful. 80

Q. Isab. Nay, to my death ; for too long have I liv'd,
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

K. Edw. Third. Away with her ! her words enforce
these tears,
And I shall pity her, if she speak again.

Q. Isab. Shall I not mourn for my belovèd lord ?
And with the rest accompany him to his grave ? 86

Sec. Lord. Thus, inadam, 'tis the king's will you
shall hence.

Q. Isab. He hath forgotten me ; stay, I am his
mother.

Sec. Lord. That boots not ; therefore, gentle
madam, go.

Q. Isab. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of
this grief ! 90

[*Exit with Second Lord and some of the*
Attendants.

Re-enter First Lord, with the head of the younger
MORTIMER.

First Lord. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

K. Edw. Third. Go fetch my father's hearse, where
it shall lie ;

And bring my funeral robes. [*Exeunt Attendants.*
Accursèd head,

Could I have rul'd thee then as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatch'd this monstrous treachery !—
Here comes the hearse : help me to mourn, my lords.

Re-enter Attendants, with the hearse and funeral robes.

Sweet father, here unto thy murder'd ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head ;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence. [*Exeunt.*

SELECTIONS FROM
TAMBURLAINE AND THE POEMS.

FROM "TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT."

[Tamburlaine, a Scythian shepherd, having become the head of a powerful force, has set out to conquer the world. He has just captured Zenocrate, daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, and is wooing her.]

(Part I. Act I. Sc. 2.)

Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,—
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian crown, 5
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus ;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own, 10
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's.
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved. 15
My martial prizes with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,
Shall we all offer to Zenocrate,—
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

Techelles. What now !—in love ? 20

Tamburlaine. Techelles, women must be flatterèd :
But this is she with whom I am in love.

[Tamburlaine addresses Theridamas, who commands the Persian force sent against the “ Tartarian rout.”]

Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world ;
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains, 25
And with my hand turn Fortune’s wheel about :
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere,
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,
Intending but to raze my charmèd skin, 30
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven
To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay !
And as a sure and grounded argument, 35
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends his Soldan’s daughter rich and brave,
To be my Queen and portly Emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renownèd man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct, 40
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sacked ;
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian merchants that with Russian stems 45
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,

And mighty kings shall be our senators.
 Jove sometime maskèd in a shepherd's weed, 50
 And by those steps that he hath scaled the Heavens
 May we become immortal like the gods.
 Join with me now in this my mean estate,
 (I call it mean because, being yet obscure,
 The nations far removed admire me not,) 55
 And when my name and honour shall be spread
 As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
 Or fair Böotes sends his cheerful light,
 Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
 And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty. 60

[Cosroe is on his way to seek the aid of Tamburlaine, in his rebellion against his brother Mycetes, the witless King of Persia.]

(Part I. Act II. Sc. 1.)

Cosroe. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
 And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
 The man that in the forehead of his fortune
 Bears figures of renown and miracle.
 But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon, 5
 What stature wields he, and what personage?

Menaphon. Of stature tall, and straightly fashionèd,
 Like his desire lift upward and divine ;
 So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
 Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear 10
 Old Atlas' burthen ;—'twixt his manly pitch,
 A pearl, more worth than all the world, is placed,
 Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
 Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,
 Whose fiery circles bear encompassèd 15

A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
 That guides his steps and actions to the throne
 Where honour sits invested royally :
 Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
 Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms ; 20
 His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
 And in their smoothness amity and life ;
 About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
 Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
 On which the breath of Heaven delights to play, 25
 Making it dance with wanton majesty.—
 His arms and fingers, long, and sinewy,
 Betokening valour and excess of strength ;—
 In every part proportioned like the man
 Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine. 30

[Tamburlaine has just heard Cosroe assured that through the defeat of Mycetes he now shall have his wish—and ride in triumph through Persepolis.]

(*Part I. Act II. Sc. 5.*)

Tamburlaine. “And ride in triumph through Persepolis” !

Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?
 Usumcasane and Theridamas,
 Is it not passing brave to be a king,
 “And ride in triumph through Persepolis” ? 35

Techelles. O, my lord, 'tis sweet and full of pomp.

Usumcasane. To be a king is half to be a god.

Theridamas. A god is not so glorious as a king.
 I think the pleasure they enjoy in Heaven,
 Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth.— 40

To wear a crown enchased with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death ;
To ask and have, command and be obeyed ;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes ! 45

Tamburlaine. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be
a king ?

Theridamas. Nay, though I praise it, I can live
without it.

Tamburlaine. What say my other friends ? Will you
be kings ?

Techelles. I, if I could, with all my heart, my lord,

Tamburlaine. Why, that's well said, Techelles ; so
would I, 50

And so would you, my masters, would you not ?

Usumcasane. What then, my lord ?

Tamburlaine. Why then, Casane, shall we wish for
aught

The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rests attemptless, faint and destitute ? 55

Methinks we should not : I am strongly moved,

That if I should desire the Persian crown,

I could attain it with a wondrous ease.

And would not all our soldiers soon consent,

If we should aim at such a dignity ? 60

Theridamas. I know they would with our persua-
sions.

Tamburlaine. Why then, Theridamas, I'll first assay
To get the Persian kingdom to myself ;
Then thou for Parthia ; they for Scythia and Media ;

And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure 65
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric and Greece,
Came creeping to us with their crowns apace.

[Tamburlaine has won his victory over Cosroe.]

(Part I. Act II. Sc. 7.)

Tamburlaine. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair, 70
And place himself in the empyreal Heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment, 75
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite, 80
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown. 85

[Agydas, a Median lord in whose care Zenocrate had been before her capture, is urging her to be loyal to the Prince of Arabia, not perceiving that Tamburlaine is within hearing.]

(Part I. Act III. Sc. 2.)

Agydas. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,

Only disposed to martial stratagems ?
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew ;
And when you look for amorous discourse, 5
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

Zenocrate. As looks the Sun through Nilus' flowing
stream,
Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine ; 10
His talk more sweeter than the Muses' song
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides ;
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive :
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god, 15
If I were matched with mighty Tamburlaine.

Agydas. Yet be not so inconstant in your love ;
But let the young Arabian live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the King of Persia, 20
Being a shepherd, seemed to love you much,
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.

Zenocrate. Thence rise the tears that so distain my
cheeks, 25
Fearing his love through my unworthiness.—

[Tamburlaine goes to her and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agydas. Exeunt all but Agydas.]

Agydas. Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love,
Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy,

Surprised with fear of hideous revenge,
I stand aghast ; but most astonièd
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul.
Upon his brows was pourtrayed ugly death ;
And in his eyes the furies of his heart
That shone as comets, menacing revenge,
And cast a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with wingèd steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the watery Heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder claps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)
All-fearful folds his sails and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves,
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And make my soul divine her overthrow.

[A messenger explains to the Soldan of Egypt the practice of Tamburlaine toward his enemies.]

(Part I, Act IV, Sc. 1.)

Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest
A snowy feather spangled white he bears, 5
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.
But when Aurora mounts the second time

As red as scarlet is his furniture ;
 Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,
 Not sparing any that can manage arms ; 11
 But if these threats move not submission,
 Black are his colours, black pavilion ;
 His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
 And jetty feathers, menace death and hell ! 15
 Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
 He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

[Immediately after an unusually merciless exhibition of the conqueror's stern character, in the murder of suppliant virgins who had come to plead for Damascus (the city having refused to surrender until the third day), Tamburlaine speaks this soliloquy.]

(*Part I. Act V. Sc. 1.*)

Ah, fair Zenocrate !—divine Zenocrate !—
 Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
 That in thy passion for thy country's love,
 And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
 With hair dishevelled wip'st thy watery cheeks, 5
 And, like to Flora in her morning pride
 Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
 Rain'st on the earth resolvèd pearl in showers,
 And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
 Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits 10
 And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
 Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes ;
 Eyes that, when Ebena steps to Heaven,
 In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
 Make, in the mantle of the richest night, 15
 The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light ;
 There angels in their crystal armours fight

A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
 For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life ;
 His life that so consumes Zenocrate, 20
 Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
 Than all my army to Damascus' walls :
 And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk
 Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
 So much by much as doth Zenocrate. 25
 What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then ?
 If all the pens that ever poets held
 Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
 Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes ; 30
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit ;
 If these had made one poem's period, 35
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.
 But how unseemly is it for my sex, 40
 My discipline of arms and chivalry,
 My nature, and the terror of my name,
 To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint !
 Save only that in beauty's just applause,
 With whose instinct the soul of man is touched,— 45
 And every warrior that is rapt with love
 Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
 Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits,—
 I thus conceiving and subduing both

That which hath stooped the chiefest of the gods, 50
 Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,
 To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
 And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
 Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
 That virtue solely is the sum of glory, 55
 And fashions men with true nobility.

[Zenocrate is dying, with Tamburlaine sitting by her. About her bed are three Physicians tempering potions. Around are Therimadas, Techelles, Usumcasane, and her three Sons].

(*Part II. Act II. Sc. 4.*)

Tamb. Black is the beauty of the brightest day ;
 The golden ball of Heaven's eternal fire,
 That danced with glory on the silver waves,
 Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams ;
 And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace, 5
 He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
 Ready to darken earth with endless night.
 Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
 Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers
 And tempered every soul with lively heat, 10
 Now by the malice of the angry skies,
 Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
 Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
 All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
 Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven, 15
 As sentinels to warn the immortal souls
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.
 Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
 That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
 Shine downward now no more, but deck the Heavens,

To entertain divine Zenocrate. 21
 The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
 Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
 Like trièd silver, run through Paradise,
 To entertain divine Zenocrate. 25
 The cherubins and holy seraphins,
 That sing and play before the King of kings,
 Use all their voices and their instruments
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.
 And in this sweet and curious harmony, 30
 The God that tunes this music to our souls,
 Holds out his hand in highest majesty
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.
 Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
 Up to the palace of th' empyreal Heaven, 35
 That this my life may be as short to me
 As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.
 Physicians, will no physic do her good ?

Phys. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive :
 And if she pass this fit, the worst is past. 40

Tamb. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate ?

Zeno. I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
 That, when this frail and transitory flesh
 Hath sucked the measure of that vital air
 That feeds the body with his dated health, 45
 Wade with enforced and necessary change.

Tamb. May never such a change transform my love,
 In whose sweet being I repose my life,
 Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
 Gives light to Phœbus and the fixèd stars ! 50
 Whose absence makes the sun and moon as dark

As when, opposed in one diameter,
Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train.
Live still, my love, and so conserve my life, 55
Or, dying, be the author of my death !

Zeno. Live still, my lord ! O, let my sovereign live !
And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty : 60
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness,
And hope to meet your highness in the Heavens,
Turned to despair, would break my wretched breast,
And fury would confound my present rest. 65
But let me die, my love ; yet let me die ;
With love and patience let your true love die !
Your grief and fury hurts my second life.—
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord. 70
But since my life is lengthened yet a while,
Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
And of my lords, whose true nobility
Have merited my latest memory.
Sweet sons, farewell ! In death resemble me, 75
And in your lives your father's excellence.
Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.

[*They call for music.*]

Tamb. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God : 80
Now are those spheres, where Cupid used to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,

Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
 Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
 Her sacred beauty hath enchanted Heaven ; 85
 And had she lived before the siege of Troy,
 Helen (whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
 And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos)
 Had not been named in Homer's Iliads ;
 Her name had been in every line he wrote. 90
 Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
 Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,
 Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been named ;
 Zenocrate had been the argument
 Of every epigram or elegy. 95

[*The music sounds.*—ZENOCRATE *dies.*

What ! is she dead ? Techelles, draw thy sword
 And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
 And we descend into the infernal vaults,
 To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
 And throw them in the triple moat of hell, 100
 For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
 Casane and Theridamas, to arms !
 Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,
 And with the cannon break the frame of Heaven ;
 Batter the shining palace of the sun, 105
 And shiver all the starry firmament,
 For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,
 Meaning to make her stately queen of Heaven.
 What God soever holds thee in his arms,
 Giving thee nectar and ambrosia, 110
 Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
 Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
 Breaking my steelèd lance, with which I burst

The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out Death and tyrannising War, 115
To march with me under this bloody flag !
And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from Heaven, and live with me again !

Ther. Ah, good my lord, be patient ; she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live. 120
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air ;
If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth ;
If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth
blood ;
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

Tamb. For she is dead ! Thy words do pierce my
soul ! 125

Ah, sweet Theridamas ! say so no more ;
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou [*To the body*] shalt stay
with me,
Embalmed with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh, 130
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interred.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'
We both will rest and have one epitaph
Writ in as many several languages 135
As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword.
This cursèd town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my love :
The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourned ;
And here will I set up her statua, 140
And march about it with my mourning camp
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

[Theridamas addresses Olympia, who, after stabbing her son, to save him from captivity, has attempted to kill herself.]

(Part II. Act III. Sc. 4.)

But, lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man greater than Mahomet,
In whose high looks is much more majesty
Than from the concave superficies
Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb, 5
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
Like lovely Thetis, in a crystal robe ;
That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave ;
On whom Death and the Fatal Sisters wait 10
With naked swords and scarlet liveries :
Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
And strews the way with brains of slaughtered men ;
By whose proud side the ugly Furies run, 15
Hearkening when he shall bid them plague the world ,
Over whose zenith, clothed in windy air,
And eagle's wings joined to her feathered breast,
Fame hovereth, sounding of her golden trump,
That to the adverse poles of that straight line, 20
Which measureth the glorious frame of Heaven,
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread,
And him, fair lady, shall thy eyes behold.

[Theridamas is mourning for Olymphia, whom he loved.]

(Part II. Act IV. Sc. 2.)

Now hell is fairer than Elysium ;
A greater lamp than that bright eye of Heaven,

From whence the stars do borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference ;
And now the damnèd souls are free from pain, 5
For every Fury gazeth on her looks ;
Infernal Dis is courting of my love,
Inventing masks and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury
To entertain this queen of chastity ; 10
Whose body shall be tombed with all the pomp
The treasure of my kingdom may afford.

[Tamburlaine enters, drawn in his chariot by the Kings of Trebizond and Soria, with bits in their mouths : in his right hand he has a whip with which he scourgeth them, while his left hand holds the reins ; then come Techelles, Theridamas, Usum-casane, Amyras, and Celebinus with the Kings of Natolia and Jerusalem, led by five or six common Soldiers.

(*Part II. Act IV. Sc. 3.*)

Tamb. Holla, ye pamperèd jades of Asia !
What ! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels, 15
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here, where thus I honour you !
The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,
And blow the morning from their nosterils, 20
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honoured in their governor,
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Egeus fed with human flesh, 25
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,

Were not subdued with valour more divine
 Than you by this unconquered arm of mine.
 To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
 You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood, 30
 And drink in pails the strongest muscadel ;
 If you can live with it, then live, and draw
 My chariot swifter than the racking clouds ;
 If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
 But perches for the black and fatal ravens. 35
 Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove ;
 And see the figure of my dignity,
 By which I hold my name and majesty !

Amyras. Let me have coach, my lord, that I may
 ride,
 And thus be drawn by these two idle kings. 40

Tamb. Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly
 boy ;
 They shall to-morrow draw my chariot,
 While these their fellow-kings may be refreshed.

King of Natolia. O thou that sway'st the region
 under earth,
 And art a king as absolute as Jove, 45
 Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
 Surveying all the glories of the land,
 And as thou took'st the fair Proserpina,
 Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden-plot,
 For love, for honour, and to make her queen, 50
 So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
 This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
 Come once in fury and survey his pride,
 Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

[Tamburlaine, stricken by disease, is drawn in upon his chariot by the captive kings, and feels the approach of death.]

(*Part II. Act V. Sc. 3.*)

Tamb. What daring god torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been termed the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords, 5
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul.
Come, let us march against the powers of Heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the gods.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS
LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love ;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies : 10
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold, 15
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love. 20

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

From the first Sestiad of
HERO AND LEANDER.

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might ;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt ; Hero the fair, 5
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn ; 10
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies ;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain, 15
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath ;
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives. 20

.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæsus sung,)
Dwelt at Abydos ; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn, 25
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,

Would have allur'd the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere ;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there. 30
His body was as straight as Circe's wand ;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the tast,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder : I could tell ye, 35
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly ;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint
That runs along his back ; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men, 40
Much less of powerful gods : let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes ;
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many, 45
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamour'd of his beauty had he been :
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt ; 50
The barbarous Thracian soldier, mov'd with nought,
Was mov'd with him, and for his favor sought,
The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast : 55
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves : such as had none at all,

Came lovers home from this great festival.

On this feast-day—O cursèd day and hour !
 Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower 60
 To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
 As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
 So fair a church as this had Venus none :
 The walls were of discolour'd jasper-stone,
 Wherein was Proteus carv'd ; and over-head 65
 A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
 Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
 And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
 Of crystal shining fair the pavement was ;
 The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass : 70

And in the midst a silver altar stood :
 There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
 Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close ;
 And modestly they opened as she rose :
 Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head ; 75
 And thus Leander was enamourèd.
 Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
 Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,
 Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook :
 Such force and virtue hath an amorous look. 80

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
 For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
 When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win ;
 And one especially do we affect 85
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect :

The reason no man knows ; let it suffice,
 What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight ;
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ? 90

He kneel'd ; but unto her devoutly pray'd :
 Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
 " Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him " ;
 And, as she spake those words, came somewhat near
 him.

He started up ; she blush'd as one asham'd ; 95
 Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.
 He touch'd her hand ; in touching it she trembled :
 Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.
 These lovers parled by the touch of hands :
 True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands. 100
 Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts en-
 tangled,

The air with sparks of living fire was spangled ;
 And night, deep-drench'd in misty Acheron,
 Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
 Breath'd darkness forth. 105

.
 (Hero speaks) :

" Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
 Far from the town, (where all is whist and still,
 Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
 Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
 Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus 110
 In silence of the night to visit us,)
 My turret stands ; and there God knows, I play
 With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
 A dwarfish beldam bears me company,

That hops about the chamber where I lie, 115
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment :—
Come thither.” As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares, “Come thither,” from her slipp’d.

NOTES.

The heavy figures refer to the pages of the text; the lighter figures to the lines.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

I. This play was entered for publication a few weeks after Marlowe's death, and was composed perhaps three years earlier. In reading it, we feel that Marlowe was schooling himself; he seems to have taken the pledge against his earlier verbal intoxications. He carefully works out an excellent plot, with an elaborate variety of characters, and, as a dramatic whole, the result is superior to *Faustus* or *The Jew of Malta*. Yet there is a labored air to the play, and many passages are crude. The brilliancy of his earlier writings is for the most part lost. However, the work is of interest and value in itself, and still more as a dramatic landmark: moreover, its elaborate and sustained treatment both by guidance and inspiration rendered very important service to the drama of the wonderful closing decade of the sixteenth century. The worthiest tribute has been paid it by Shakespeare's study—something manifest from the comparison between Marlowe's play and *Richard II.* appended to this note.

Dramatisations of English history had been known before this first successful effort. Marlowe went to the usual sources (which continued to be used by his successors), and drew on Holinshed, Stow, and Fabyan, for historical facts. Since the course of the narrative extends over more than twenty years, he condenses and combines important events with considerable skill.

Students who desire to make the play a means of linguistic and historical information, may be referred to an edition by Mr. O. W. Tancock, published in the Clarendon Press series.

Some Resemblances between "Edward II." and "Richard II."

In each play we have a weak king regardless of his people's interests, reckless about the responsibilities of state, alienated from his nobles through the fascinations of upstart favourites ; at first securely arrogant, then forced to the defensive, finally dethroned. This resemblance lay in the bare history, and Shakespeare's selection of Richard II.'s reign as a dramatic theme need not be called an imitation ; for this first play of his so-called chronicle trilogy contains passages that indicate an intention to follow it with the histories of Henry IV. and Henry V. In general treatment, however, there was an opportunity for the earliest work to exert an influence, while familiarity with it would be likely to show itself by incidental touches in figures or phrases. Several suggestive parallels, both in construction and in details, justify us in concluding that *Hero and Leander* was not the only work of Marlowe which Shakespeare admired.

We may pass by the indebtedness in the matter of versification, only noting that in *Richard II.* the witchery of Marlowe's rhyming couplet is quite as traceable as his "mighty line." For Shakespeare at thirty had not acquired that firmness in discarding the couplet in passages of more lyrical mood that Marlowe had shown years before. Nor is it necessary to do more than suggest the analogy in the main disposition of the "dramatis personæ." Though the enunciation of the characters of the two kings is dissimilar, their faults of conduct are almost identical. Mortimer and Bolingbroke are indeed unlike, yet they play correspondent rôles as leaders of the insurrection, and as the dethroned kings' successors. Kent and York, again, have a function akin to that of the classical chorus, in judiciously yet sympathetically following the course of events, changing their sides as the merits of the situation change.

In the earlier play the king's favourites are foreground figures ; in the latter they are kept in the background : yet Gaveston, the Spensers, and Baldock find parallels essential to Shakespeare's plot in Bushy, Bagot, and Green. Then again, Lancaster, Pembroke, the elder Mortimer, Warwick, and the other barons who revolt

from Edward, are matched by Northumberland, Percy, Ross, Willoughby, and the other barons who combine against Richard. Once more, a fictitious Isabella appears in Shakespeare (for the historical queen of Richard was a child), though unlike in character as well as in their relations to their husbands, none the less the two queens are parallels in the dramatic economy.

But more suggestive resemblances are to be traced in individual passages.

When the Bishop of Coventry is arrested, Edward says, "Convey this priest to the Tower," to which the bishop replies, "True, true !" (with, of course, a play on the slang meaning of *convey*—taking something to which the taker had no right).

So Bolingbroke says of Richard,

"Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower,

to which Richard responds,

"Oh, good ; convey !"

Edward's favourite Gaveston is compared by Mortimer to a canker worm creeping up into the highest bough of the "lofty cedar tree" of the English state : in *Richard II.* the king's favourites are twice spoken of under the same figure, "the caterpillars of the commonwealth."

It is Gaveston to whom is attributed that alienation of Edward from his queen that forms so prominent a part in the action of the earlier drama ; when Bolingbroke condemns Busby and Green to death, he states the following reason for his severity :

"You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs."

The words "in manner" must refer to the unwilling separation between Richard and Isabel, which is one of the consequences of his misconduct ; since there is no allusion in the play to any dissension between the two ; indeed, their love is an attractive element in Richard's story. But Shakespeare's introduction of a passage so entirely uncalled for—the thought is touched upon in these lines only—indicates that he recollected *Edward II.*

There is a similarity, too, between the ends of the favourites in both plays: on each side, they redeem their faults by plucky deaths.

Again Edward, after his fall, is addressed by the Bishop of Winchester as "My lord," and replies :

"Call me not lord ; away, out of my sight !"

Northumberland begins to speak to Richard, in the same situation, with "My lord," and is in like manner interrupted by ;

"No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man,
Nor no man's lord : I have no name, no title."

Both kings, each in prison, waiting for death, express regret for their mistaken courses. Edward, with that love for the prince which forms a tender trait of his character, sends him a message to "rule better than I ;" Richard moralizes on his sensitiveness to discordant music, while he had not had

"An ear to hear my true time broke ;
I wasted time and now doth time waste me."

Both struggle in highly wrought emotion over the formal surrender of the crown after its significance of power has been lost ; in a paroxysm, one destroys his papers, the other his mirror.

When Edward is placed in his first imprisonment, the merciful Leicester tries to encourage him :

"Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament ;
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity."

Shakespeare's fine development of the suggestion, in Gaunt's parting words to Bolingbroke, is one of the most familiar passages in his early drama :

"All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest :
 Suppose the singing birds musicians,
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd,
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance :
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light."

Edward in his flight seeks concealment in a monastery, and thinks it would be a privilege in the silence and peace of that retreat to pass the rest of his days :

" Father, this life contemplative is Heaven,
 O, that I might this life in quiet lead ! "

So, when, confronted with the rebel army, Richard is plunging into despair, he fancies he will become a religious recluse :

" I'll give my jewels for a set of beads.
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage."

Edward, whose royalty of nature appears best after exterior royalty is lost, compares himself in a kingly simile with the lion ; like the deer's, the wounds of private men, he argues, may find commonplace remedies :

" But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
 He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
 And highly scorning that the lowly earth
 Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.
 And so it fares with me."

In the same situation in Shakespeare's play the queen tries to rouse the nerveless Richard to a more royal bearing :

" The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpower'd : and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
 And fawn on rage with base humility,
 Which art a lion and a king of beasts ? "

Each of the kings, once more in his harsh imprisonment, sighs at the change that has come over his former appearance. Nothing in Marlowe is more exquisitely imagined than the passage where

Edward, as he is describing to Lightborn the horrors of his dungeon, sends a dying message to the woman whom in prosperity he had slighted :

“ Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France.”

The same spirit moves Richard to mourn the ravages of affliction upon his personal beauty :

“ Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink ? ”

There are perhaps other resemblances, as in the bitter rewards of the murderers of the two kings. A reminiscence of the opening scene in *Dr. Faustus* may also be noted. Faustus is persuading himself, through the contradictions of the Bible itself, that divinity is worthless. “ Stipendium peccati mors est,” he says. “ That's hard. Si pecasse negamus fallimur et nulla est in nobis veritas. Why then belike we must sin, and so consequently die.” Richard, too, in the great soliloquy just before his death, sets “ the word itself against the word : ”

“ As thus, ‘ Come, little ones ; ’ and then again,
It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.”

Some of Marlowe's admirers have declared his play superior to Shakespeare. Such a judgment seems unaccountable. The most that we can say is that the closing tragedy of Edward is more compressed and intense than any single scene in the chronicle of Richard, and that Shakespeare was slightly influenced, and no doubt stimulated, in the simple modesty of his more slowly developing genius, by this most conspicuous English play before his own.

2:23. Observe the good reasons for introducing the following dialogue.

2:24. The play opens naturally with Gaveston, as he is the chief complicator of the plot. His character is first shown ; then the relation between Edward and the barons is developed. The interview between the king and his favourite, just after the barons' threats, illustrates the former's reckless independence.

Gaveston likes Edward instead of despising him for his feeble dependence. This personal fondness (rather than love) partly dignifies the rôle ; yet, even in its figures, his speech manifests selfish eagerness for favour.

"*Tanti*" is a contemptuous expression for "of no value." Observe the elocutionary intention in the metre of the line.

3:56. The speech presents Gaveston's sense of Edward's weakness, and his plans for controlling him. These masques and pageantries, with their music, poetry, and rich costumes were sixteenth century imitations from Italy, and as applied to the early fourteenth century are bold anachronisms. Such indifference to historic accuracy is common to the Elizabethan dramatists. Ruskin, in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (iv. 7: 19-20), thus expounds the broad principle involved.

"It is a constant law, as far as I can observe, that the greatest men, whether poets or historians, live entirely in their own age, and that the greatest fruits of their work are gathered out of their own age. Dante paints Italy in the thirteenth century ; Chaucer, England in the fourteenth ; Masaccio, Florence in the fifteenth ; Tintoret, Venice in the sixteenth ; all of them utterly regardless of anachronism and minor error of every kind, but getting always vital truth out of the vital present.

"If it be said that Shakespeare wrote perfect historical plays on subjects belonging to the preceding centuries, I answer that they *are* perfect plays just because there is no care about centuries in them, but a life which all men recognize for the human life of all time ; and this it is, not because Shakespeare sought to give universal truth, but because, painting honestly and completely from the men about him, he painted that human nature which is, indeed, constant enough—a rogue in the fifteenth century being *at heart* what a rogue is in the nineteenth and was in the twelfth ; and an honest or a knightly man being in like manner very similar to other such at any other time. And the work of these great idealists is, therefore, always universal ; not because it is *not portrait*, but because it is *complete* portrait down to the heart, which is the same in all ages ; and the work of the mean idealists is *not* universal, not because it is portrait, but because it is *half* portrait—of the outside, the manners and the dress, not of the heart. Thus

Tintoret and Shakespeare paint, both of them, simply Venetian and English nature as they saw it in their time, down to the root ; and it does for *all* time ; but as for any care to cast themselves into the particular ways and tones of thought or custom, of past time in their historical work, you will find it in neither of them, nor in any other perfectly great man that I know of."

There is no reason for the view that the reference to " Italian masks " is to cast discredit on Gaveston, on account of the English dislike of things Italian.

4 : 62. Actresses were not employed on the English stage before the Restoration. The classical character of the presentations mentioned in the context furnishes still further illustration of the Renaissance spirit among the cultivated people of the day.

4 : 73. These two sentences are probably a prose addition to the speech, added for dramatic purposes, by another hand.

6 : 128. *Love*. Dyce conjectured *leave*, and *Lancaster* in the next line for *Gaveston*.

7 : 159. Kent (historically a child of six at the opening of the action), whose preceding speech in opposition to the arrogance of the barons showed loyalty to his brother, here begins his moderating rôle, by this disapproval of such partiality to the favourite.

7 : 165. *Regiment* = rule. By the king's aggressive patronage of Gaveston, his part is made stronger, and the play gains accordingly, compared with a treatment by which the king might have been won by solicitations.

8 : 188. *Channel* = gutter.

9 : 200. = *i. e.*, They have no right to take me there. *Convey* was used for *steal* from its sense of carrying secretly.

9 : 6. *Timeless* = untimely.

10 : 19. Removing the hat in respect. In the next line, and at the beginning of Warwick's speech, the composition in reference to stage-action is interesting.

10 : 26. *Stomach* = feel anger.

11 : 47. Isabella's first appearance is connected with Mortimer, no doubt designedly. Here, and at the close of the scene, she addresses him with affection. She professes to be withdrawing from the court to live in the forest, rather than longer to witness the king's estrangement from her. Some time has intervened

since Scene I. Her tones are those of a loving woman, willing to continue suffering, if she can thus save Edward from civil war.

12 : 72. *Frustrate* : to be pronounced in three syllables.

13 : 5. This scene of five lines, both awkward and unnecessary, is an example of the play's occasionally clumsy construction.

14 : 13. Hardly to be thought a reminiscence of Ovid (as Dyce), but only one of the Latin pedantries of the time ; in place of "How ill they match." The Senecan tragedy is suggested by the short speeches and formal phrasing of this dialogue, which shows considerable dramatic animation.

15 : 30. Gaveston was the son of a Gascon knight, and had been the king's close companion from boyhood.

16 : 49. *Fleet* = float. Compare this speech with Edward's petulant tone just before.

18 : 106. The generally whispered news of the banishment, immediately upon the act, is an attempt at dramatic naturalness at the cost of a reasonable time treatment.

19 : 127. The custom of wearing miniatures is illustrated by Hamlet's reference to Claudius' "pictures in little."

19 : 136. So the old editions. Dyce reads *love* for *lord*. Others put a comma after lord, still referring the tear to Gaveston. But it is the king who is most affected ; the following line expresses the favourite's pain, rising afresh at his lord's sorrow. Cf. Antony in *Julius Cæsar* (III. i. 282).

" Passion, I see, is catching : for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water."

Just below, *pass* = care.

20 : 147. The addresses to Isabel of both Edward and Gaveston treat her later complication with Mortimer as a scandal already understood, even though Gaveston immediately retracts the charge. It is possible that Marlowe fancied the queen's weak nature still loyal (as her lines on the following page assert, after Edward and Gaveston withdraw), while she has already been imprudent by too open exhibitions of an inclination toward Mortimer that is as yet innocent. The question will come up again presently.

21:167. This harsh irony, with the rough stage action implied, is designed to enhance our pity for the queen, and to aggravate our sense of the wrong course of Edward. It will be observed that the dramatic policy is to excite sympathy for the queen, and aversion toward the king and his favourites, through the earlier development of the action, and then reverse the effect, after the crisis has re-arranged the situation.

21:186. With the heavy effort and the weak literary imitations of the soliloquy, we find specific touches, as of "When I left sweet France," the success in the reiterations of "Gaveston," and the excellent tone of the last line.

23:223. *Torpedo*, a kind of eel, that gives a numbing shock. The evolution of the metaphor is euphuistic.

23:229. The blurred treatment of the relations between these two characters is continued by having this interview conducted in private, instead of openly.

24:248. *Respect* = consideration.

25:279. These four arguments of Mortimer's are obviously inconsistent and insincere, in direct opposition to his uncle's advice not to "play the sophister." His character is unscrupulously selfish, and his course throughout is that of an insurgent, aiming only at personal power. Future advantages to come from an alliance with "the sister of the King of France," induce him to consent to a temporary recall of Gaveston, although his speech at the end of the scene shows that he has no thought of reconciliation.

27:311. Another of Marlowe's striking single lines redeemed from a hard Elizabethan conceit by his force, yet not made better by what follows.

27:329. This pretty speech is unusually dramatic in its suggestion of the stage action.

29:369. The instantaneous execution of the order is a crudeness similar to that under note 18.

29:378. *Cousin* = niece, as frequently.

30:400. This conciliatory speech, with its five classical parallels, that come so inappropriately from the old baron with whose "nature war doth best agree," serves to throw more stress on the younger Mortimer's renewed resolution to crush Gaveston.

30:408. *Cullions* = base fellows. Just before, *jets* = struts.

31:417. Such a speech as this, with all its suggestiveness of the evils of the royal favouritism, and with its animated description, marks Marlowe's development from the style in *Tamburlaine*.

31:422. Although, as this conclusion shows, the lull in the hostilities is only of short duration, its introduction has an artistic effect. Regarding the First Act as a whole, we must credit Marlowe with a clear exposition of the central thought of the play, *viz.*, Edward and his favourites *vs.* a strong combination of powerful nobles. Isabel and Kent, at present on the king's side, are set in motion toward a transfer of regard. The king's character is delineated as selfish (except to his favourites), disregarding of the realm, peevish, passionate, obstinate, and childishly mercurial.

The construction of Scene iv. is poor. Gaveston's exile is demanded, resisted, obtained; he leaves England; Isabel entreats, and finally secures, his recall; he is summoned; and, after a general pacification of king and barons, a new resistance is threatened—all in the single scene.

31:11. The Spensers and Baldock were not prominent as Edward's favourites until some ten years after the death of Gaveston. The deviation from historical fact is justifiable dramatically, since their introduction before he passes off the stage establishes continuity in the favouritism, and thus tends toward the unity that at best can only be partially secured in such a chronicle play. It also acquaints us with the successors of Gaveston before they are required for the action—an artistic device frequently illustrated in Shakespeare. Marlowe degrades these characters' social station (in reality the Spensers stood high) for stronger effect, just as with the base-born upstart in Gaveston. The linking of this new scene with the previous act, through the fiction of these two fortune hunters as dependents on the father of Gaveston's betrothed, and the necessity of their securing another patron owing to the Earl of Gloucester's death, also manifest some tact in construction.

32:36. *Napkin* = handkerchief.

32:38. *To make a leg* was an old phrase for "to bow."

32:43. This little study of the obsequious scholar-lackey is, of course, introduced to characterize Baldock as a hypocrite, who has been adapting himself to the severe old earl. The lines

accomplish their end very well, but in the following speech the speaker discredits himself too baldly.

33:55. *This jesting* illustrates Marlowe's deficiency in humor. Baldock probably means to say that he is a lively fellow, instead of being a stiff scholar, who must always talk with pedantic accuracy (*propterea quod* = because.) Spenser's *quandoquidem* (= since) may have been the beginning of some student Latin phrase of compliance with an invitation or opinion; that is, "You fall in with your company's suggestions in a free, genial way." The "gift to form a verb," seems to mean that he can make himself a good companion by his clever tricks of new phrases, which the fine Elizabethan society affected.

33:58. It is characteristic of Marlowe that he makes scarcely anything out of this opportunity for a romantic under-plot.

34:3. *Passionate* = sorrowful.

35:20. Such devices were familiar at the old triumphs or tournaments. The motto (= at length, justly), like Lancaster's (= death on all sides) announces the renewal of the barons' hostility to Gaveston, before he returns. The euphuistic illustration from "unnatural natural history" is of the same order as Mortimer's "torpedo" in I, 4.

36:58. The same expression in reference to the same event, that was used by Gaveston's betrothed, in the preceding scene.

40:138. This incident is another example of the dramatist's invention of a dramatic effect. By the king's recklessness regarding the ills of his lords, and his indifference to draining the resources of the people, sympathy is still further withdrawn from the side of the plot that forms the resistance-element during the earlier action, and is transferred to the side that forms the rising and aggressive movement.

40:144. Observe the trisyllabic "throughout."

41:149. Another cue to the player's action. Observe the unusual compression and vigour of the entire passage—one of Marlowe's best exhibitions of dramatic power, as the two barons press before the king with defiant gestures, and volley their charges of the popular distress, national perils, and proofs of his unkingly character, and without allowing him to respond even by an exclamation.

41:160. *Kerns* = inferior foot-soldiers.

41:167. *Sort* = a small company, a "lot."

42:183. Tancock quotes the hint for these picturesque lines, from Holinshed: "King Edward, with a mighty army bravely furnished, and gorgeously appareled, more seemly for a triumph than meet to encounter with the cruel enemy in the field, entered Scotland."

42:191. The song is adapted from Fabyan. *Lemans* = lovers. *Rombelow* is a refrain word in old songs. The battle referred to was fought two years after Gaveston's death. *Wigmore* in the following line was Mortimer's property.

43:207. In this crisis, Kent comes out distinctly on the barons' side, the upbuilding of their cause in the sympathy of the audience being furthered through his previously conservative course. Kent's moderation is well conceived, but there is no skilful shading in the transition, and Edward's violent and foolish temper is couched almost childishly.

43:220. Observe the renewed ambiguity respecting the queen.

44:227. This Senecan single-line dialogue once more illustrates Marlowe's general tendency to begin his speeches at the opening of a verse, instead of increasing the naturalness and variety of tone by breaking the line with the close and opening of two speeches, as the later Elizabethan drama learned to do.

45:247. Thus the two Favourite-threads are knit, and Edward aggravates his previous behaviour by the luxurious delay with which he trifles with his political situation. The scene is crowded again: Gaveston returns, Edward and the barons quarrel, Kent is dismissed, and it is reported that the earls are already up in arms.

46:8. *Cast* = conjecture.

46:16. There was no reason for his returning secretly, and no suggestion in the preceding scene that he did so.

46:22. The old, but inaccurate, assumption that the name Mortimer was derived from crusading service in the region of the Dead Sea.

49:59. These lines, and the speeches of Isabel on the two pages preceding, seem intended as transitional. Just before Lancaster and the others enter, her soliloquy indicates that she is

absorbed in love for her husband. But when she meets Mortimer, she complains to him that she is insulted and cast off, and that discredit is thrown on her relations with him, by the king. As Mortimer leaves her, he seems to refer to some earlier entreaty for her love, although his line is ambiguous. When she is alone again, she sums up the situation as hopeless, yet she resolves to importune the king once more before taking such a step as leaving England.

Considerations that may better be noted later, render her real character during these opening scenes uncertain. So far, however, as the first half of the play goes, we might state the case thus: Mortimer's earlier and present help and gentleness appeal to her. Her only desire is for some one to whom her affection may cling. She here asserts to the others once more, and to herself, that Gaveston is the only cause of her alienation, just as she confesses a yearning toward Mortimer. As soon as this point of inclination is reached, Marlowe is characterizing her according to his own ideas of sentiment, by representing her as whirling suddenly:

"Where both deliberate, the love is slight."

Such abruptness is not necessarily untrue to nature. Assume that this woman for years had endured neglect and insult, while remaining loving and patient. Like the action of cumulative drugs, there comes a last injury that sums up the latent forces of those that have preceded. She had depended on Mortimer, with womanly trust, as an upholder of the cause by which she hoped to secure a reconciliation with the king. Gradually, this trust led to dependence, and she came into a weak woman's subjection to the far-sighted and ambitious intriguer. Whether such a view is correct, can be considered later.

51:29. It will be noticed that the hour for Gaveston's fall is immediately after he has separated the king from nobles, Kent, and Isabella. It is here that the redeeming traits in his character are introduced, a steady nerve, under his easy lightness of tone, and his love and constancy toward the king. For the purpose of dignifying the approaching catastrophe, his relations with Edward are thus assumed as genuinely devoted and a reaction of

compassion toward the fallen favourite is excited by the brutal language of the barons, and the treachery by which Pembroke's consideration is frustrated. Gaveston is certainly one of the poet's cleverest and best sustained characters.

55:5. *Centre* apparently is used, as often, for the middle of the earth, and therefore the lowest spot for falling. So Wiclif (Murray, *s. v.*), "As the centre is the lowest of all things." It is perhaps in keeping with the spirited tone of the speech to accept the punctuation that puts an interrogation after "life," and an exclamation after "bliss," making "centre of all my bliss!" his thought's apostrophe to the king. This is effective, and is borne out by Edward's "centre of all misfortune," in iv. 6, yet it seems unlike Marlowe.

55:14. *Shadow* = ghost. The response of Warwick that follows shows again that Marlowe could write incisively; the irony of these two lines is made sterner by their reserve.

58:56. *Spare* is elongated in pronunciation, as "care" elsewhere.

59:78. As a matter of fact, the prince was not born until some five months after Gaveston's death. Dramatically, he is introduced here to render his approaching part in the action more natural. It is worth while to compare this subsequent study of a child with Shakespeare's boys.

63:177. This scene aims to show the fruitlessness of the barons' moderation, in laying no check upon Edward himself. Immediately upon news of Gaveston's death, he allies himself with new favourites, who are assumed as the earlier characters' entire counterparts, even to low birth, and to these he transfers Gaveston's honours. He puts himself into their control, and at their ill advice manifests disregard of his kingdom and renewed arrogance, and takes a passionate vow of vengeance for Gaveston. Thus the personally loyal movement for reform has borne no happy result, and the feeling of sympathy for the forthcoming rebellion grows stronger.

64:17. *Trains* = stratagems.

65:35. This concluding dialogue is an example of the old defiances before stage battles, an example of which Shakespeare retained in *Julius Cæsar*, Act V.

67:86. *Regiment* = authority. Isabella has gone to France, but not on the king's errand. The speech of Levune that follows is equivalent to Gaveston's earlier innuendoes, and is to be similarly interpreted, either as representing the queen as uniformly insincere, or else as clumsy dramatic treatment, in assuming as a fact what is to come true only by and by.

The largely similar rôles of Gaveston and the younger Spenser are separated as the latter becomes more of a political force.

68:3. *i. e.*, Let natural affection yield to patriotism. Observe Kent's belief in Isabella's devotion and grief, even here, as well as the poetic opening and close of the speech.

69:7. Here, when the queen has thrown off her fidelity, and the plot is ready to open on Edward, as a victim, Marlowe introduces what we may count the first stroke in his reverse action. The sentimental fallacy of the king's real openness to kind management, which is strongly developed later, is touched in this expression of his young son's instinct toward loyalty and trust.

70:31. I have substituted a new punctuation for the editor's obscure

" Ah, sweet Sir John ! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shores of Tanais,
Will we with thee to Hainault—so we will."

The passage refers to the invitation given just above by this uncle of the young Edward's future wife. The thought is, with such a friend we would go to the Don, or to the furthest boundary of the Continent, much more, to Hainault.

70:45. This, spoken immediately upon Mortimer's arrival, indicates an understanding between them before the queen left England. The conclusion of the line appears to mean that she wishes that treason to the king were the worst feature of their situation.

71:57. Kent looks forward only to a loyal final arrangement. In the preceding line, *appointed* means "in warlike equipment." The speech that follows = Kent's aspiration for England's welfare must be secured by the sword.

71:67. *i. e.*, To challenge the king to try his strength with us ; —the game called prison-base, familiar in Elizabethan times,

74:45. This line may have been in Shakespeare's ear when he made Juliet say :

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging."

With the following line, *cf.* the earliest passages in *Tamburlaine* (Pt. I., v. 2).

"Let ugly darkness, with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds," etc.

There is a shade of dramatic irony in this eagerness for what is to prove his ruin. The point suggested in note 2, above, is touched upon again, in the virtuous and paternal reference to the prince that follows.

74:1. The scene represents the address of the insurgents, on landing. Only the five leaders, however, are brought upon the stage. The queen assumes the prominent position in antagonising Edward.

76:27. The judicious character of Kent again turns as the situation changes. He had wished only to attack the Spensers and redeem the king; but as he sees the treason and amorous confederacy of Mortimer and Isabella, he relents toward his brother, and with him our sympathy is again shifted. The "subtle queen" is now made known to him as hypocritical. By the pity and regret of Kent, the signs of villainy in Mortimer, and of corruption and insincerity in the queen, the elder Spenser's dying rebuke at the close of the scene (with its standard of loyalty that the play assumes as unquestionable), as well as the accumulating misfortunes of the weak king (after all the most efficient appeal to the tenderer judgment), Marlowe is preparing to render the tragical end pathetic rather than judicial. Observe the increased interest and the altered personal tone in the king's speeches hereafter.

77:54. I follow Dyce in giving this line to Mortimer instead of Kent. Unless we make "Edward" a vocative, the line is inconsistent with Edmund's position,

80:16. The elocutionary tone of the line is too good to justify striking out the second "come" in the interest of uniform accent. The address is suggested by the opening of Act II. This transition from the reckless, pleasure-loving, youthful king,

to the man bent by seriousness and the load of years, is of course for the purpose of associating feelings of reverence and pity with his fall (*cf.* parallels in Shakespeare.) Marlowe's diction and poetical freedom are rising here. The king's last speech before the captors enter is especially happy in its suggestion of his old nature, overpowered by physical exhaustion. Observe, also, the almost lyrical tone of the three lines at its close.

81:54. "Seneca, *Thyestes*, 613."—Dyce.

82:70. *Yearns*. Dyce reads "earns."

82:81. *i. e.*, Kenilworth.

82:90. This is the old reading, except for the dash; Dyce omits the last two words. The meaning may be—the monks and his companions are his only friends, and the latter must die. With a dash at the end of the line, however, we may understand the reiterations as referring to Baldock and Spenser, alone, and as due to his emotion at the idea of losing them. The recurrence of "these," in Rice's response, is possibly a satirical echo of the repetitions.

83:94. The same sentiment as in the opening soliloquy of Faustus, "che sera, sera."

83:98. A fine conclusion to the parting. As was observed of the affection between the king and Gaveston, such regard dignifies the characters above a relation of dupe and parasite; as true friends, in their fall they command interest and compassion.

83:111. Note the contrast between Spenser's conventional and frigid exclamation and this speech of Baldock's. When ambition is found vain, the former student returns to himself. The manner accords with the mood, earnest and noble, until the fanciful and weak turn of the last line. The concluding couplet (observe how few Marlowe admits) might be explained, as are many of Shakespeare's, by the aphoristic thought, but is more probably due to the rhyming tradition, according to which the ear felt a firmer conclusion to a final passage. This couplet would tend to confirm one's impression that the prose appendix is not Marlowe's. He scarcely ever introduces prose. The dying speech of Zabina in *Tamburlaine*—a speech far from mere insane ranting—on grounds of style one feels sure is not his, and the letter in the present Act of this play is hardly in point, since it is extraneous to the dialogue.

84:10. The herb is dittany. For a third time the poet plays with euphuistic natural history illustrations.

Now that his crown is being torn away, Edward first appears really to be wearing it. In these later scenes, the uninteresting character of the earlier play appears as at last a king. The evident impression made on Shakespeare, by the opening lines of the Act, has been pointed out under note 45. Save for a few passages, the drama has moved heavily: for the poet has been studying to be a playwright, and to substitute a well-ordered whole for the irregular brilliancies of his previous work. As for poetic feeling and expression, he has shown himself under constraint. But now, as was observed in the preceding scene, the situation has been developed, and the poet comes to the front again, in imaginative speech and in the emotional interpretation of a character. Marlowe's early love of imagery and power appears again, his verse becomes freer and finer, and, while crudities constantly are cropping out, we find excellent ideas, noble expression for individual lines, and a general sensation of imaginative control.

84:23. Notice how this thought runs through the conclusion of the play.

86:59. This great line, and the passage that ensues, express in a matured form Marlowe's old sense of the preciousness of power, as in *Tamburlaine*. Such clinging to the semblance as in itself a reality, is, on its more trivial side, perfectly in keeping with Edward's earlier nature, while by its stronger and pathetic aspects we are won still further to consideration and pity for the failing fortunes of a monarch.

86:68. The beginning of the wonderful final soliloquy of his own *Dr. Faustus* is in the poet's mind:

"Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent, and save his soul!"

86:77. *Pass not* = do not regard. In the preceding line, *fondly* = foolishly.

87:83. Lamb, after quoting this passage in his *Specimens*

of *English Dramatic Poets*, remarks: "the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his *Richard II.*" (The parallel scene in the latter play should be closely compared with this, and various inferences noted.)

88:105. The present pathos, and oblivion of the past relations of king and queen, in this hard but brilliant image, are effective, yet not in a Shakespearian way. Just above, observe Edward's eager perception of the bystander's emotion.

88:123. Sophistication, indeed, but well contrived for the effect that the poet desires. The struggle in reference to surrendering the symbol of kingship is determined at the end by Leicester's appeal to the father. "If they go, the prince shall lose his right." This unselfish ambition for the boy's royal future, the repeated expressions of anxiety for the "lamb, encompassed by wolves," these crowding emotions of pride, despair, and dignified regret for the errors of his reign, his appeal to the tenderness of the false queen, the occasional flash of arbitrary and wilful passion, render the scene genuinely powerful. There is also skill in softening our feeling for the captive, through Leicester his jailer, and through aggravating his sufferings by the plan to transfer him to a sterner keeper. Two of the king's sententious exclamations, near the end of scene i., suggest the poet's own temper.

90:20. Mortimer's suggestion to Isabella, that even in captivity the king is dangerous, draws from her an assent to anything on which he may resolve, barring the safety of the prince. If we regard the earlier delineation of the queen's nature as according to the dramatic convention of the soliloquy we are bound to regard it, *viz.*, as affectionate, clinging to the king's love, and tender even to weakness, this concluding treatment seems indefensible. No doubt, Marlowe might have portrayed such a development, but he certainly has not done so. There has been no adequate transition from the introductory Isabel to this heartless wife, who not only assents to her paramour's suggestions but even seems to lead in cruelty. All through the earlier scenes hints were dropped of her duplicity and hypocritical cunning, from which we have to acquit her, on the evidence of those scenes as a whole. Yet here the former charges are substantiated: she is in the

relations with Mortimer of which she was suspected, and her insincerity and deceit are unquestionable. Indeed, as for this latter point, Marlowe has sacrificed artistic effect by the heavy lines with which he has drawn her hypocrisy in the addresses to the messenger and to Matrevis, and in her advice to Mortimer respecting Kent. Whereas Mortimer, besides, plans to wear the king out, and thus destroy him, while escaping the open danger of murder; she, just before Gurney enters, suggests immediate violence, if only she may avoid direct personal agency in it. In Marlowe's plan of building up sympathy against the king until the tragedy was prepared for, he wished to enlist the audience on the queen's side at first, as a loving and injured wife, then after the reverse action was under way, he aimed to intensify pity for the victim by every device; and what would create a stronger reaction in his favour than the shamelessness of such a woman as this later Isabel? So, with this ultimate treatment in mind, and as if to give a clue to what is coming, he tainted her early innocence by slanderous blemishes, which her transformed nature afterward proceeded to verify. It was reasonable that she should turn to Mortimer (as is explained in note 105), but her moral reconstruction is unaccounted for. Nor is her love for Mortimer treated with any interest; it is an assertion, not a delineation. Her one quality that pleases is fondness for her son, yet her last address to him is a falsehood. Had Marlowe omitted the earlier innuendoes, and her compromising connection with Mortimer, in Act I.; and, after she forsakes the king, could he have depicted her as a weak and gentle prey to Mortimer's adroitness, standing against her husband in virtue of a misguided sense of duty to the prince (as one of her last speeches feigningly asserts), and exhibiting some womanly compassion and yearning for what once had been her life's centre, now sunken and dying, then the conclusion would have satisfied the exigencies of the historical plot, while remaining consistent with the earlier character. As the play stands, we are compelled to conclude that, without natural evolution, a weak woman has passed from the state of a loving to that of a "fiend-like queen." Yet, notwithstanding those early soliloquies, the author perhaps thought of her from the beginning as not only feebly sentimental, of a superficial moral nature, but also as a dissembler.

95: 116. *Aged Edward*, for dramatic and emotional effect. He died at the age of forty-three. It is not necessary to explain this by saying that the *Chronicles* call him "the old king," by contrast with his son.

96: 14. A line of four feet. Dyce inserts *only* at the beginning.

97: 36. Tancock quotes the dramatist's authority for the fact in Stow's *Chronicle*. The question would remain, whether such realism is desirable for the stage. The incident may be contrasted with the king's own earlier treatment of the bishop in I. 1. (note 53).

98: 67. The attempted rescue serves to introduce the execution of Kent, as a sacrifice to Edward's cause, as well as to provide this animated little episode. It seems unfair to state Kent's character as "feeble and yet impulsive." The development is faint, but the conception is excellently contrived to represent the reasonable judgment that never alters, although it changes its position as the conditions vary. For Kent's course is consistent throughout; his error was in judging Mortimer and Isabella as sincere reformers. If the outline of his rôle had been filled in boldly, he would have stood out as a striking exponent of the poet's view of his plot—where an erring king becomes a martyr when his divine right is assailed. The earl's atonement for his mistake by thus sacrificing his life, although tamely handled, has dramatic merit.

99: 12. The poet follows an old authority.

99: 29. Lightborn is a great advance on Marlowe's earlier villain in *The Jew of Malta*, who was also an adept in poisoning. From Italian influences, the Elizabethan drama has many an instance of these arts, as in Webster, Tourneur, or Beaumont and Fletcher. Browning's *The Laboratory* gives the spirit of the practice, with the omission of those visible horrors from which the older poets did not flinch.

101: 59. *Imbecility* = feeble health. The satirical humour of Mortimer's account of his adroit methods, with the fling at sixteenth century Puritans, suggests his easy sense of security.

101: 65. Dyce substitutes *rule* for *rules*, which is the reading of the edition of 1598.

101: 66. Our sympathy for Edward increases, as we see that the revolution has left the radical situation unchanged.

101 : 68. Ovid, *Met.* vi. 195, *Dyce*. Marlowe uses his dramatic irony heavily.

105 : 25. *Lock* is Bullen's emendation for "lake." For convenience, Edward is represented as on a level with the front of the stage, Lightborn probably drawing a curtain (so *Dyce* suggests), as if unlocking and opening the door to the "vault." The king's use of "there" is to be noticed, in his reference to the dungeon, presently, and the mention of his dripping robes, as if he had climbed up and entered the apartment where the scene opens. Yet *cf.* Gurney's last line.

105 : 41. Observe the unnerved terror in these hurried, broken questions, and the king's instinctive sense of his peril, as he sees the villain, whose attempts to be soothing and reassuring increase his ugly look. In Lightborn's "To murder you," mark the metrical protraction of "murder," and its effect.

106 : 51. Through his pathetic eagerness for sympathy, Edward pours out his story even to the assassin in whose brows he already sees his tragedy written. Nothing in this recital of his wrongs equals the parenthetical "being a king." The very word for royalty had majesty to Marlowe, as his lines in *Tamburlaine* show.

106 : 69. A wonderful touch of contrast between this present and that past of youth and chivalry and love, worthy to remind us of Francesca's cry (*Inferno*, v.),

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The fallacy in "For her sake" moves us as for a betrayed lover ; we no longer remember the beginning of the play.

106 : 71. *Dyce* suggests that the bed was thrust upon the stage from the wing, after Gurney and Matrevis withdrew. There could be no more pathetic means of depicting the sufferings and exhaustion that the king has undergone, than this enticement to sleep, and the struggle between nature and the terror of murder, the former prevailing. Compare, for artistic effect, with the bald opening of the scene.

107 : 82. The first "thought" has been suspected as corrupt, but without reason. The passage is admirable : the touch of impulsive courtesy, quite in keeping with Edward's naturally easy

and generous disposition, that would heal with the gift of his last jewel the injury done by his suspicion ; and confused with this, the terrified undertone, that would propitiate this villain.

107: 90. So the first edition. Later, "alive" was omitted. Dyce, and others, read "still remain alive," for the verse ; but, as Tancock remarks, the rhythm of the line is far more striking with a pause after the first and second words. This return to his passion for the crown is finely imagined.

108: 106. Lamb's sentence has been often quoted : "The death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted." That was perhaps written just after Lamb laid down the play : it appears extravagant. Yet we may well count this an extraordinary passage, an incontestable proof (as it is the only fully conclusive evidence) that Marlowe possessed higher dramatic faculty, as well as poetic.

In contrast with the sensational horrors of *The Jew*, we should note the omission of atrocious details, such as "the red-hot spit" previously mentioned.

109: 5. *Secret* : to be pronounced with three syllables.

112: 64. These strong last lines of Mortimer once more save a necessary death from degradation. He is redeemed from an abject end by his dignity and calmness in fronting the future, as well as by pride in success, even though at an end, and his consideration for Isabella's sorrow. The first lines are of course a reminder of his assertion (in V. 2.), that he "makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please," and also of his application to himself of Ovid's line in V. 4. and his vaunt, just before his arrest, that he stands "as Jove's high tree," etc., examples of dramatic irony handled not too skilfully.

113: 100. Aside from the suitable infliction of justice on Mortimer, observe the artistic effect of closing the confusions of the drama with a firm power upon the throne ; a method, indeed, familiar to Elizabethan, as well as to classical playwrights.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

117. This drama is in two parts, of five Acts each, and recounts the adventures of the famous conqueror. Its long lists of "dramatis personæ" are little more than names, for we observe few attempts, even, at individual characterization. The play has no plot, properly speaking, but consists of a string of incidents based upon the account given in Fortescue's *Forest*, supplemented by the work of Perondinas (*cf. The Academy*, 24, 265). It was first printed in 1590, and is the earliest drama in blank verse known to have been produced on the *public* stage. Except in passages, *Tamburlaine* possesses no permanent interest; the events are extravagantly conceived, and the idealisation of might and ambition in the protagonist (who is the only significant character), is associated with few traits of pleasing truth to nature. Considered merely as poetry, there is a vast amount of ranting and bombast. Yet even the hyperboles and distractions are touched with genius, and more than one passage shows a passionate strength that had never previously appeared in English verse. *Tamburlaine* contains few ideas, but for the thrill that they communicate by their great utterance, and their mastering sensations, its best fragments may claim high rank in English verse. Of the selections that follow, two or three are introduced as illustrations of Marlowe's early manner, apart from their poetical quality.

117:15. *Resolved* = dissolved. Observe the poetical associations of place throughout the extract, and the specific adjective with "Volga."

118:38. *Portly* = stately.

118:45. *Merchants* = trading ships. *Vail* = lower their flags, in surrender.

119:50. *Weed* = garment. The reference is to an obscure myth that represented Jupiter as wooing Mnemosyne under the disguise of a shepherd. Ovid gives only two words to the story in *Met.* vi. 114. Marlowe apparently reverts to it later, and evidently liked it: perhaps through its associating "the chiefest of the gods" with the birth of the Muses. This is one of Marlowe's single line poems, and shows, as do his best passages frequently, the impression made upon him by the classics. Many of his fifty

classical reminiscences in Part I. might well have been spared. But throughout his work it is true of Marlowe, as of Shakespeare himself, that he finds the Greek and Latin mythology and legend poetically invaluable. It is worth while to reflect over the influence of these ancient tales on modern literature, as imaginative stimulants, or as aids to pictorial effect, to a vivid brevity, to the poetic feeling through associations, etc. Our Christian religion is held too gravely for poet's lightness, and the non-classical inheritance of popular myth is relatively small, unattractive, and unfamiliar. Poetry instinctively compares, illustrates, identifies, and suggests: it requires material for these methods of its art that shall be generally understood, in itself be beautiful, and, while touching the modern intelligence and feeling by its universal truth, yet be remote from commonplace familiarity. This is accomplished by those legends—all imagination, sentiment, and grace—that lead the fancy into fields still fresh in the world's early dreaming. What a loss poetry would have suffered, had Dante, *e. g.*, or Shakespeare, or Milton been denied these resources! Fine as Marlowe's treatment often is, he shows little restraint, however, and often puts literary allusions in speeches whose supposed authors could never have used them—half Renaissance enthusiasm, half boyish pedantry.

119: 59. *Competitor* = companion.

119: 11. *Pitch* = height; here used for shoulders. Marlowe may have modeled this description on some account of Timur's imposing appearance; at any rate, this development shows youthful exuberance. He quite omits any hint of his hero's lameness. (*Tamburlaine* = Timur the lame.)

120: 31. Marlowe's ear for the musical effect of proper names in poetry is illustrated by these lines, as elsewhere more fully. From Homer to Victor Hugo, we find poets liking to use such names, largely because of their very sound; sometimes, too, through an imaginative suggestiveness, as from associations of travel, history, romance, etc. *Cf.* Milton's repeated illustrations of this, as in

"Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old,"

or in the quotation given below, in note **124: 37**.

121:53. The magnificent outburst of passion for the illimitable world that was opening to the England of Marlowe is impaired, both here and in the greater lines of the following selection, by the specific application to Tamburlaine's ambition for royalty. To some extent, no doubt, this feeling for material power represents the poet himself. But in a truer sense, the application is a weakness due to dramatic necessity. That is, Marlowe starts to express his character's specific desire. The inspiration of the idea of mastery carries him beyond his theme, to the "knowledge infinite" and the infinite chance of intellectual conquest, which he himself, the scholar-poet of twenty-two, sees opening to his as yet uncorrupted energy and ambition. Then he turns the speeches back to the context, by his anticlimax of a crown. No one has ever expressed so well a young man's emotion at the new consciousness of what a world there is, all before him.

122:72. The ultimate physical bases of the old science, earth, air, fire, and water, to which the four humours, melancholy, blood, choler, and phlegm, respectively corresponded. Marlowe has in mind the Empedoclean theory that the elements are acted upon by two forces, of unity and discord; the latter builds up the separate organisms, which, in its complete efficiency, the former would reduce to an ideal sphere. Thus, in a certain way, the "warring within our breasts for regiment" (*i. e.*, for rule) is the condition of our physical life; and even so, the faculties of mind must always "wear themselves, and never rest."

123:6. *Facts* = deeds.

123:12. Marlowe applies the familiar name of the Muses, "Pierides," to the nine daughters of Pierus, the Emathian king. They assumed to be superior to the Mnemonides, and challenged them to a contest of song. Ovid relates the story in *Met.* v. 294. The song itself was Calliope's, and it is interesting to notice that this type for Marlowe of sweetness in verse is the lovely narrative of Proserpina, that is echoed by so many modern poets (as by Dante, *Purgatory*, 28, 50; Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4, 116; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 268). The reference in the following line is apparently to the famous contest for supremacy in Attica between Athena and Poseidon, in which the greater deities

sat as judges, though the familiar forms of the legend do not introduce the music that the poet seems to have in mind.

124:37. Observe the elaborate epic structure of the simile, with its parenthesis of independent description, and the heroic tone throughout. Compare Milton's fine lines (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 636):

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend."

In tone and manner, the two alike show classical influence, connected with diction, as well as imagination. In the last line of Marlowe's parenthesis, "lightning" is a trisyllable.

125:1. The following is perhaps Marlowe's most splendid passage; at least it contains his finest single conception, and is perhaps the longest sustained episode of pure poetry to be found in his plays. Unlike his habitually simple and transparent thought and imagery, the meaning here is partly involved. "His raptures" hurry him from one figure to another, and suggest fancies not always safe from the charge of extravagance (or once even of the grotesque, if the conceit be rigidly developed). The eagerness of his "fine frenzy" to tell his main thought, and at the same instant all the side sensations that seem to him one with it, brings about such a curiously involved construction that, in fifty-six lines, we meet only three or four full pauses in the sense, of which one falls after a single independent line. No reader can miss the contagion of the poet's mood, or frown critically at an image or two that only the warm glow of imagination can make quite alive. By its converse the saying is suggested here that unless the writer is impatient, the reader will be. Marlowe's splendidly impatient enthusiasm carries the reader along with its own exhilaration, for the poet's mood is filled with the emotion of beauty. Aside from its poetry, this passage is especially suggestive of Marlowe himself. In respect to the versification, observe its

unusual freedom. It is less confined to the single line, or the unrhymed couplet structure, and its rhythmical beauty bears no sense of the absence of musical tone, such as we feel in the more apprentice-like early blank verse. There are also instances (not many, indeed) of the light-ending, or added eleventh syllable, which Shakespeare and later masters of the metre have employed so frequently to the increase of harmony and ease. In this opening line Marlowe makes even twelve syllables with good effect. Two illustrations may also be noticed of the nine syllable line (which goes back to the fourteenth century, and of which Tennyson affords a skilful study near the beginning of "The Vision of Sin"), where the first of the five accentual elements of the verse is a single syllable. A few illustrations will also be found of accent shifted for the sake of that constantly varying tone by which later poets have learned to relieve the natural monotony of our blank verse, as well as by those so-called resolutions of which Marlowe was always diffident.

125:3. *Passion* = has the old sense of strong and tender pain or sorrow. Zenocrate sympathizes in the distress of Damascus;

"My lord, to see my father's town besieged,
The country wasted where myself was born,
How can it but afflict my very soul?"

She is also apprehensive for her father, the Soldan, who is marching to fight with this invincible Scythian.

125:8. *Resolved* = dissolved: *i. e.*, her tears fall like the dew shaken in the morning from blooming sprays. Shakespeare also uses dew and pearl as metaphors for tears.

125:9. *i. e.*, through her pallor and tears, the blue veining on her face becomes more distinct. (This may be illustrated by the line in *Dr. Faustus*—"Arethusa's azured arms.") In the following line observe Marlowe's deviation from mythology in making Beauty, instead of Memory, the mother of the Muses, and the unconscious suggestion of Marlowe's poetic dependence on sensation rather than on thought.

125:13. This is Cunningham's reading, for "when that," and below "make, in," for "making." Dyce thought the sense

hopelessly obscured. With these changes, the only difficulty is in "Ebena," which is to be taken as a personification of "Even."

125:17. The lyrical feeling glances off into this triple rhyme. The "angels in their crystal armours" represent the "rapt soul sitting in thine eyes," guarded by tears. The preceding lover's hyperbole, no new extravagance, is saved from its usual frigid effect by the poet's intensity.

126:23. Mycetes and Bajazeth, whom Tamburlaine has already overcome. *Conceit of foil* = anticipation of defeat.

126:26. What follows is Marlowe's most striking thought—that the poet's conception of beauty is never spoken adequately. The *quintessence they still*, etc., = the subtlest distillation of the flowers of poetry, in which the human mind ("wit") appears at its highest. The last line of the sentence, "*no virtue can digest*" = no power can reduce or express. Should the development of the thought appear obscure to any, it is as follows:

If every power of heart and mind, of all the poets who have lived, and if all their purest inspirations of poetry, could be combined into one single poem and employed in praise of beauty, yet something of what they felt would remain, that could never be expressed. There is a partial parallel to this cry from the poet of emotion, in these lines of Browning, in *Sordello*, where the idea appears in this more modern form, that what is inexpressible is thought and character; not the poet's dream, but himself:

". . . From true works (to wit,
Sordello's dream-performances, that will
Be never more than dreamed), escapes there still
Some proof, the singer's proper life was 'neath
The life his song exhibits, this a sheath
To that; a passion and a knowledge far
Transcending these, majestic as they are,
Smouldered; his lay was but an episode
In the bard's life . . ."

126:44. The construction of this long closing sentence is difficult. The meaning is: I, Tamburlaine, the inflexible conqueror, am allowing myself to be tempted by Zenocrate to conclude terms with her father. Such a hesitation would be unworthy, were it not in tribute to beauty, which touches every

high-minded hero, and also were not the enticement resisted, as I will resist it, and thus prove myself more resolute than Jove himself. In the line: "I thus conceiving and subduing both," the last word is the adverbial correspondent to "and," placed in the old usage after the words connected, instead of before: *i. e.*, I feeling this, yet also subduing it. The text as it stands has received emendations, chiefly by Dyce, and is still uncertain. The allusion in "the chiefest of the gods," brought to a level with shepherds, through love, may be a parallel to the earlier mention of Jove (note 16).

128:40. "And if" is the old double form for "if." Five lines below, "his" is the old form for "its."

129:54. An affected way of saying "when there is an eclipse." "The dragon's head" stands for the moon's ascending node, and "his winding train" represents the dragon's tail, an old phraseology for the intersection of the ecliptic from north to south.

129:77. An early illustration of the fondness for music in the Elizabethan theatre. Songs were introduced freely, and in pathetic passages such as this, slow, soft music was sometimes played as an accompaniment. The same practice still prevails; stage customs are not easily broken.

130:87. In *Dr. Faustus* Marlowe was to write one of his most splendid passages on this romantic theme, which Heine called the "unwithering ideal of charm and beauty: Jenes ewig blühende Ideal von Anmuth und Schönheit, jene Helena von Griechenland."

130:93. The loves of Catullus and Ovid.

130:103. *Cavalieros* = mounds for cannon.

131:139. The conceit makes a fit conclusion to this remarkable passage, characterized as it is, notwithstanding all its force and real feeling, by an under-current of extravagance.

132:7. From the innermost to the outermost of the heavenly spheres. The moon was the first of the nine celestial circles, and the empyrean lay without them all. "Jove" seems used here not of the specific god, to whom the sixth sphere was assigned, but of the highest divinity. The proper meaning of the entire passage is in its poetic imagery. Below Rhamnusia stands for Nemesis,

133: 13. *Act IV. Sc. 3.* This is the famous original of Pistol's parody—(in 2 Henry IV., II. 4. 177):

" Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar."

Dyce gives a list of passages where the episode is ridiculed, to which others might be added. Lamb says: "Till I saw this passage with my own eyes, I never believed that it was anything more than a pleasant burlesque of mine Ancient's."

134: 44. What a contrast, to come upon such lines, after that address to the royal captives with this little picture of Pluto and Proserpina, classical in form as in feeling, *cf.* note **117: 15**, above.

135: 9. There is an audacious brilliancy in this close, an ending consistent with the poet's treatment of his hero hitherto. If we are able to assume such a character, we can be impressed by such a grandiose death-bed defiance. A comparison with the dying lines of Dryden's hero, in *Tyrannic Love*, is in Marlowe's favour. Maximin challenges the Gods thus:

" Your altars I with smoke of gums did crown,
For which you leaned your hungry nostrils down,

.
But by the Gods (by Maximin, I meant)
Henceforth I, and my world,
Hostility with you, and yours, declare.
Look to it, Gods; for you the aggressors are.
Keep you your rain and sunshine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice.
Your trade of Heaven shall soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

.
Before I die—
Bring me Porphyrius and my empress dead;—
I would brave Heaven, in my each hand a head."

and as he stabs Placidius, he dies exclaiming:

" And shoving back this earth on which I sit,
I'll mount, and scatter all the Gods I hit."

It is well worth while to compare such a passage of the false-sub-

lime written by a great poet at the age of thirty-eight, and in the wake of a great dramatic era, with the hyperboles of Marlowe when twenty-two, experimenting in our first effective English play. The two poets are alike in lacking humour, but otherwise, what an essential difference there is between the rodomontade of Dryden, and those exaggerations of Marlowe that continually impress us with the sense of a gift for greatness, if only in the use of words.

Dryden lived to laugh at his own Maximin, and to write an admirable play : so even those to whom *Tamburlaine* appears mainly ranting, must recognize the promise of its energy. Yet some there must be who will care for these first-fruits for their own sake, as poetry that touches sensibility, even where the critical faculty is not persuaded. Even where we feel the ranting, we feel, too, that there is the tone and touch of a hidden Apollo. But there are times when meaning and manner alike are those of the god revealed.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

136. The adjective of the title was a favourite Elizabethan word for expressing sentimental emotion. The text is that given by Dyce, who speaks of the poem as follows : "It was originally printed, but wanting the fourth and sixth stanzas, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. It was for the first time published complete and subscribed with the real author's name, 'C. Marlowe,' in *England's Helicon*, 1600. Few songs have been more popular than this : we find both a Reply to and an Imitation of it in *England's Helicon* ; snatches of it are sung by Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* ; and Donne and Herrick have each (unsuccessfully) attempted to rival it. In 1653, when it was comparatively little known, Isaac Walton, by inserting it in *The Complete Angler*, gave it fresh celebrity. Making no appeal to the heart, nor having any force of sentiment, it cannot be regarded as a love-song of the highest class : but it is among the very best of those sweet and fanciful strains with which genius has enriched the fabled Arcadia."

Here is Walton's way of introducing the poem in *The Complete Angler* : "As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me ; 'twas a handsome milkmaid that had cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale ; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it ; 'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago ; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good ; I think much better than that now in fashion in this Critical age." Raleigh's verses run in this wise :

" If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

" But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb ;
The rest complains of cares to come.

" The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields :
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

" Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

" Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

" But could youth last, and love still breed ;
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love."

HERO AND LEANDER.

137. The legend of Leander's swimming from Abydos to Sestos by night to visit Hero, and his death while attempting to cross during a winter storm, is perhaps "an old Milesian story," but its early literary history is mainly Roman. Probably the earliest extant mention of it is as late as Vergil, who (*Georgics*, iii. 258-263) alludes to it as a well-known tale. He might have heard it from Parthenius, his supposed teacher in Greek, whose taste for such romantic stories is shown by the collection that he prepared for Gallus; but it was probably generally familiar before his day. It occurs in a graceful little Greek epitaph (*Anthology*, vii. 666) by Antipater of Thessalonica, who lived in the Augustan era; where the lamp that Hero was accustomed to show from her tower, and the tower itself, as well as the lovers' single tomb, are mentioned for the first time. In another Greek fragment no doubt later (*Anthology*, ix. 381), we find the story outlined in the artificial form of a "cento" of Homeric clauses, which describes the heroine's anxious watch in her tower on a promontory by the broad Hellespont, the lamp, and the deep night and wild waves. The earliest important treatment of the subject is by Ovid, whose *Heroides*, xvii. and xviii., make up a poem of over four hundred lines. The epistolary form prevented his introducing the pathetic conclusion, save by premonition. This manner of handling the theme is in his more studied early style. The lover complains of the stormy sea which prevents him from crossing—a situation in Dante's mind, when he mentions Leander in one of his loveliest passages (*Purgatory*, 28, 71-75). Hero is lovingly petulant at his failure to come, in spite of the storm. Touches of feeling may be found, but there is an air of rhetoric about them. The most pleasing passage is the description of Hero talking with her old waiting-woman about Leander's coming—one of Ovid's vivacious studies of feminine moods; too trivial, however, for the sentimental legend. The tower and lamp are only incidentally mentioned, greatly as these contribute to the picturesque beauty of the story, as was felt by Statius, who introduced them in his unimportant sketch of the legend (*Thebais*, vi. 520), by Shakespeare, in "another Hero's tower," and indeed,

by almost every poet who refers to these early lovers, whose "names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse." But it was left for Musæus, whose date appears to be late in the fifth century, and of whose life we learn only that he was a scholar by profession, to compose the great memorial of them. His poem consists of but 341 lines, yet its dignified construction justifies its designation as a "little epic." It appeared when poetry had for a long time fallen into decay; yet though various marks of the late Hellenistic taste may be discerned, it still remains a worthy and lovely example of Greek poetry. The author writes of the lover's emotion without losing artistic moderation; his sense of beauty is contented with calm and compressed statement; he introduces delicate minor effects that at first we may pass unobserved; to his eye the tower, the lamp, the lovers' figures, the storm, are pictures. It is an experience to come upon this poem of an era from which we expect little, and to find finished verse, a firm and elegant narrative, such happy pleadings of the love mastered by love without warning, such delicate yielding hesitation as this maiden's, a story of love's bright consummation so happily recounted. After a brief three hundred lines, we reach the wintry night, through whose waves Leander struggled until his strength failed, and the wind at one moment extinguished the torch upon the tower and Leander's life and love. But Hero, gazing through the darkness, saw with the dawn her lover's body torn by the rocks at the foot of the tower, and "threw herself down and lay dead over her dead spouse,"

"And each won other in the worst of death."

It is the old fashion of writing, where the poet does not press his reader with details, or play schoolmaster to his imagination. The poem has found several modern translators, including such distinguished poets as Clement Marot (whose version, dated 1541, follows close to the text, but quite misses the serious dignity of the Greek style) and George Chapman. The latter, who in his preface (1616) calls his original "the incomparable love-poem of the world," also makes a faithful transcript, barring occasional Chapman caprices, but his style and verse are too forcible to represent

the elegance of Musæus. It was the privilege of Marlowe to compose a new Hero and Leander, a romance in couplets splendidly rhyming, even overcharged with sensation, poetic buoyancy, and imagination. Notwithstanding its nine hundred lines, it is but a fragment ; the narrative breaks off when it has first reached the lovers' union. The words "translation" and "paraphrase" that have been applied to it, in relation to Musæus, are equally incorrect. Marlowe, in a manner, follows the Greek poet's treatment, as he also echoes Ovid, but his thoughts, images, and romantic inspirations are independent. After his death, Chapman divided the uncompleted poem into two "Sestiads," and added four of his own ; this work was published some years before his translation appeared. In reading these extracts, attention should be paid to Marlowe's remarkable management of the rhyming couplet.

137 : 1. A reference to the myth of the drowning of Helle.

137 : 22. The author of this "tragedy" was supposed, by Renaissance students, to be the legendary poet of ancient Greece, nearly contemporary with Orpheus. So thought even Julius Scaliger, and more than twenty years after Marlowe's death Chapman quoted, without discrediting it, the familiar identification of the author with Vergil's famous reference to "Musæum ante omnes."

138 : 45. Narcissus.

139 : 64. *Discolour'd* = of various colors.

139 : 73. *Vail'd* = bent.

139 : 75. The arrow that caused love, instead of the leaden one. (Ovid, *Met.* I. 470.)

139 : 83. *Course* = race.

140 : 90. Quoted by Shakespeare in Phœbe's speech. (*As You Like It*, III., 5, 82.)

"Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Where the "Dead shepherd" at last seems to suggest feeling for Marlowe's memory, beneath the formal address of the pastoral.

140 : 103. *i. e.*, in the darkness of the lower world.

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